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ENNEBRO COUNTY. In Probate Court
held at Augusta in vacation, Nov. 20,
1899.
J. B. WILLIAMS, Executor of the last
will and testament of CLARA E. BAY,
deceased, having presented her bill as
Executor of said will for allowance.

ORDERED: That notice thereof be given
seven weeks successively, prior to the second
Monday of December next, in the Maine
Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that
persons interested may attend at a Court
Probate, then to be held at Augusta,
Maine, to show cause, if any, why the same should
be allowed.
G. T. STEVENS, Judge
of Probate. W. A. NEWCOMB, Register.

FOR SALE.

A lot of heavy paper, just the thing
for sheathing. Price low. Call at the
MAINE FARMER OFFICE.

Best, 4 40¢ @ 50; Michigan straight
hull, \$3 85¢ @ 40; St. Louis straight
hull, \$3 90¢ @ 40; Winter wheat
patents, \$4 15¢ @ 25.
Flour—C-Cod, Shore, \$4 75¢ @ 50; her-
gen, per bbl., \$4 75¢ @ 50.

GRAIN—Corn, ear lots, 45¢ @ 45½¢; bag
s, 46¢ @ 47¢; meal, bag lots, 44¢ @ 45¢; oats,
s, 33¢ @ 33½¢; oats, bag lots, 35¢ @ 36¢;
oats, sack, 30¢ @ 31¢; 30; 30; 30; 30;
oats, bag lots, \$19¢ @ 20; middlings,
s, middlings, bag lots, \$19¢ @ 21;
tonneled meal, ear lots, 25¢ @ 30; bag
s, 25¢ @ 30.

LAKE—Bbl., pure, 6½¢ @ 6½¢; pails,
mpd, 6½¢ @ 6½¢; pails, pure, 6½¢ @ 7¢;
leaf, 8½¢ @ 8½¢.
POTATOES—55¢ @ 60¢ per bush.
POTATOES—Fowl, 10¢ @ 12¢; chickens,
@ 14¢; turkey, 14¢ @ 17¢; eggs, 27¢ @ 28¢;
ef, 6¢ @ 9¢; pork backs, \$13.00;
ms, 10¢ @ 11¢.

AUGUSTA HAY, GRAIN AND WOOL
MARKET.

Corrected Nov. 23, for the Maine Farmer.
B. F. Farwell & Co.
Oats—Lower, Corn, Flour, Floursteady,
ool in demand. Wood unchanged.
ixed feed firm. Hay firm. Flour
ling quickly. Sugar steady. Hides
met.

STRAW—Pressed, 80; loose, 85¢ @ 86.
SHORTS—95¢ per hundred, \$19 00 ton
ts. Mixed Feed, 95¢.
WOOL—20¢ per lb.; spring lamb
10s, 55¢ @ 60¢; oak skins, 11¢ per lb.
CORRION SIZED MEAL—Bag lots, \$1 30;
25 50, ton lots.

CHICAGO GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots,
22 50; bag lots, \$1 50; Buffalo, ton lots,
8, bag lots, \$1 25.
FLOUR—Full winter patents, \$4 40;
pring patents, \$4 30¢ @ 50; roller
oases, straight, \$3 85¢ @ 40; low grade,
50¢ @ 60¢.

SUGAR—\$3 10 per hundred.
HAY—Lower \$10 @ 12; pressed, 12.
HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 80;
hides, 80; bulls and stags, 70.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime, \$1 10 per
sack; cement, \$1 45.
HARD WOOD—Dry, 55¢ @ 50; green
00¢ @ 40.

GRAIN—Corn, 48¢; meal, bag lots, 86
87¢.
OATS—72¢, bag lots.

AUGUSTA CITY PRODUCE MARKET.

Corrected Nov. 23, for the Maine Farmer.
B. F. Farwell & Co.
Cheese higher. New domestic cheese
firm. Eggs higher. Potatoes dull. But-
ter higher. Fowl poultry. Chickens
higher. Demand for butter.

Spring lambs, easy. Veal firm. Beans
at as high. Pork higher.
BEANS—Western pea beans, \$2 00.
ellow Eyes, \$2 00.
BUTTER—Ball butter, 22¢. Creamery,
23¢.

CHEESE—Factory, 10¢; Sage, 13¢.
EGGS—Fresh, 25¢ per dozen.
LARD—In pails, best, 8¢.
PROVISIONS—Wholesale—Clear salt
ork, \$11 50 per bbl.; beef per side, 8¢;
ham, smoked, 9½¢; fowl, 10¢; veal,
s; round hog, 5½¢; lamb, 8¢. Spring
chickens, 12¢ @ 14¢.

POTATOES—55¢ @ 60¢ per bush.
BEANS—1¢ per lb.
TURNIPS—40¢ per bush.
APPLES—\$2 50 per bbl.
CRANBERRIES—\$5 00 per bbl.

THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVIII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

No. 5.

Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

A letter from Western Massachusetts states that so many fires are occurring among farm buildings that insurance companies are refusing to take risks on farm property. Precautions against fire are always in order.

It was a fitting recognition of the efficient service of Mr. R. H. Libbey in looking after the local details of the successful annual meeting at Newport of the State Pomological Society to elect him to an important position on the board of officers. He is one of our most successful fruit growers and will make an efficient officer.

In referring to the discussion on tuberculosis and its transmission now going on among officials and professionals, Dr. S. B. Ward, of the faculty of the Albany (N. Y.) Medical College, makes this significant remark: "The tendency of the day is undoubtedly to allow purely theoretical considerations to outweigh practical facts of clinical experience."

At the Minnesota dairymen's convention recently held resolutions were passed asking the state legislature to create a board of examiners to pass on the qualifications of buttermakers in that state. The intent of such action is the right direction, but no outside examination can fully determine the measure of skill of an applicant. Only through his work can the efficiency and reliability of a buttermaker be determined.

It is an old saying that "When rogues fall out honest men can learn the truth." We notice the manufacturers of oleomargarine have become indignant at those who call their product "hog fat butter," and now they retort by speaking of the renovated or process butter as "gauged butter." Fight it out, gentlemen, and the farmers will not care much which wins, or if the fight ends like that of the famous Kilkenny cats.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

At the Connecticut Dairymen's Institute, last week, the President closed his opening address with the following sensible advice: "Fellow dairymen, we should not be discouraged by the influx of Western dairy goods upon the market, but determine to meet them by producing a better article at home, and may the thoughts that are given here in this institute and others to follow bring forth fruit to the success and prosperity of the dairymen of the state."

The business of the cattle barons of the country is almost beyond comprehension. Colonel C. S. Slaughter, Dallas, Texas, who bought the highest priced bull at the late Hereford sale at Kansas City, \$1,950, has the largest pure bred herd of Herefords in the world. His herd includes 2,200 cows, 1,100 calves, 4,000 grades for beef. Col. Slaughter a few years ago paid \$5,000 for a bull to lead this herd and paid an artist \$500 to paint a portrait of the animal for his office.

At the late London (England) dairy show the four prize dairy Shorthorns averaged milk in one day 59.05 lbs. which contained average 2.285 lbs. butter fat and 5.4 lbs. other solids. The four prize Jerseys averaged milk 40.27 lbs. with 21 lbs. fat and 3.00 other solids. This is not an exceptional showing. In the twelve or fifteen years these tests have been conducted similar results have always been shown. In the present demand for milking Shorthorns there is a promising opening for enterprising breeders to import some of those deep milking Shorthorns.

VALUE OF NATURAL COLOR.

The Jersey Bulletin has generally been in union with the Maine Farmer on points relating to good cows and their products. It now, however, has found cause to score us for raising the question of value (or, rather, how much value) in the popular golden color of skin, as sometimes found with Jerseys. The particular paragraph it finds objectionable is the following:

"There is a measure of value in a natural golden color to butter, but in business dairymen as now generally carried on, it must be conceded that measure is small."

The Bulletin "doesn't believe this is the proper spirit for the Maine Farmer to show," and it goes on to say:

"It would seem that the value of a quality which places the product of a breed of cows high above oleomargarine, process butter and poor butter, is unmeasurable."

And it goes on to say further:

"So-called butter color is not only an obstacle in the way of advancement in buttermaking but in business dairymen as now carried on, it brings good honest butter down to a level with such frauds as oleomargarine, which could not be sold if it were not disguised by so-called 'butter color.'"

Now, does the Bulletin believe that color is the "quality" that places Jersey

GOOD STOCK FOR MAINE FARMS.



AFRICAN GESE, BREED BY SAMUEL CUSHMAN, WEST MANSFIELD, MASS.

IMPORTED BUTTER IN ENGLAND.

The chief chemist of the English Laboratory recently reported the results of his examination of 1,083 samples of imported butter—of which only two were found to be adulterated. We quote: "No samples, it is added, have this year been reported as of doubtful purity, since, although certain samples gave reactions for cottonseed oil, the amount indicated was not more than might be due to feeding on cotton-cake, whilst the other analytical results of these samples were such as to preclude the idea of any admixture of margarine containing cottonseed oil. The results of the investigations last year into the effect of feeding cows upon oil cakes proved beyond doubt that the characteristic constituent of cottonseed oil passes into the milk of cows fed upon cotton-cake. With regard to the use of boric preservative in butter, France again heads the list of European countries, and Holland comes next, whilst Danish and Scandinavian butters were entirely free from this preservative. The majority of the butters from the more distant colonies, as Australia and New Zealand, contained boric preservative. The use of artificial coloring matters derived from coal tar is now much in vogue, particularly in the United States, and to a less extent in Holland. It is noted that the great majority of the margarine examined contained cottonseed oil, boric preservative, and aniline coloring matters."

BUTTER RECORD OF COWS.

In dairy circles the performance of cows has come to be of as much importance as the speed of the horse in trotting circles, and the breeders and handlers of Jerseys, Guernseys and Holsteins have a vocabulary as distinctly their own as the habits of the race course. "With twenty daughters in the list," and "whose dam has a record of twenty-two pounds, six ounces of butter" are as familiar phrases as the "two-twenty" and "two-ton" among horsemen.

The owners of Maine registered Jersey stock claim as good business cows as are to be found in the breed. At the late meeting of the breeders of this stock at Winthrop the desirability of some method of recording and preserving the performance of cows of this registry was talked up at some length. All were agreed as to its desirability, and it was finally decided to open a Book of Butter-Fat Tests, something after the plan of the A. J. C. C. Association and also that of the Holstein Association.

The secretary of the association has just sent out blanks for the records and the accompanying certificates necessary to entry in this book. Any cow of this registry is eligible that can show a record of twelve pounds of butter-fat in seven days, or two hundred and sixty pounds in one year, equivalent respectively to fourteen pounds of butter, or three hundred pounds.

All who are interested in an authentic record of what their cows are capable of doing are requested to cooperate in the movement. Blanks can be had of N. R. Pike, secretary, Winthrop.

THE YELLOW SKIN AGAIN.

A few weeks ago in our issue of Nov. 2, we raised the question of the significance and consequent value of the yellow skin, etc., as found in some of the Jerseys and Guernseys, and questioned the popular estimate of reliable association with rich milk. In an object lesson given by Prof. C. S. Plumb at the Indiana state fair, with animals before him for illustration, the speaker made claims on this matter as follows:

"The ears should be thin, golden inside, containing a waxy yellow exudation, this is an evidence of richness—ability to place a large deposit of butter fat in the milk. Color of skin bears the same relation to this faculty. A cow with such ears as these are," turning back the aural appendages of the two Jerseys, "I will confidently assert will put from 6 to 7 per cent. of fat in her milk."

Now, then, what is correct? This is an important matter. Business dairymen are paying good money for yellow wax in a cow's ear. Are they buying richer milk for it? Certainly, dairymen who have bred and handled cows for years ought to know something about it. Yellow skin, we know, indicates high colored milk; is it reliably associated with milk especially rich in butter fat, as Prof. Plumb claims?

GOOD BUSINESS METHODS.

Mr. W. K. Hamlin, proprietor of the Waterford creamery, has for years given an annual dinner to the patrons, at which time there is a free interchange of opinion regarding methods and the necessity explained for visiting patrons occasionally to inspect their conditions and methods of handling milk and cream, to see that the rules are properly understood and observed and to give such instructions as may be found necessary. The result is greater uniformity in work and naturally a better product. It is just the right method to insure good fellowship. The meeting this year was announced for Friday the 24th.

Prof. G. M. Gowell, instructor at the dairy department of the University of

Maine, was expected to be present and tell how milk and cream are affected and contaminated by surrounding conditions and influences, their consequent result in the product and how to prevent the same. The rules last adopted were discussed and such changes and additions made as were thought best by the patrons present.

The Babcock tester was run during the day and the method of weighing samples of cream instead of measuring with the pipette shown and explained; the cause of variations in tests of separator cream was also explained. Every one had an opportunity to ask questions for information.

We very much regret that we were unable to accept the very cordial invitation to be present and meet the progressive butter makers of that section of Oxford county.

For the Maine Farmer.

TAXATION IN AND OUT OF MAINE.

Editor Maine Farmer: Mr. McLaughlin's address before the provisional committee of the Farmers and Taxpayers' League at Portland, Me., must have been both interesting and instructive, judging from the extracts published in the daily papers. It certainly is high

Why should speculators be treated with such distinguished consideration at the expense of the industrious?

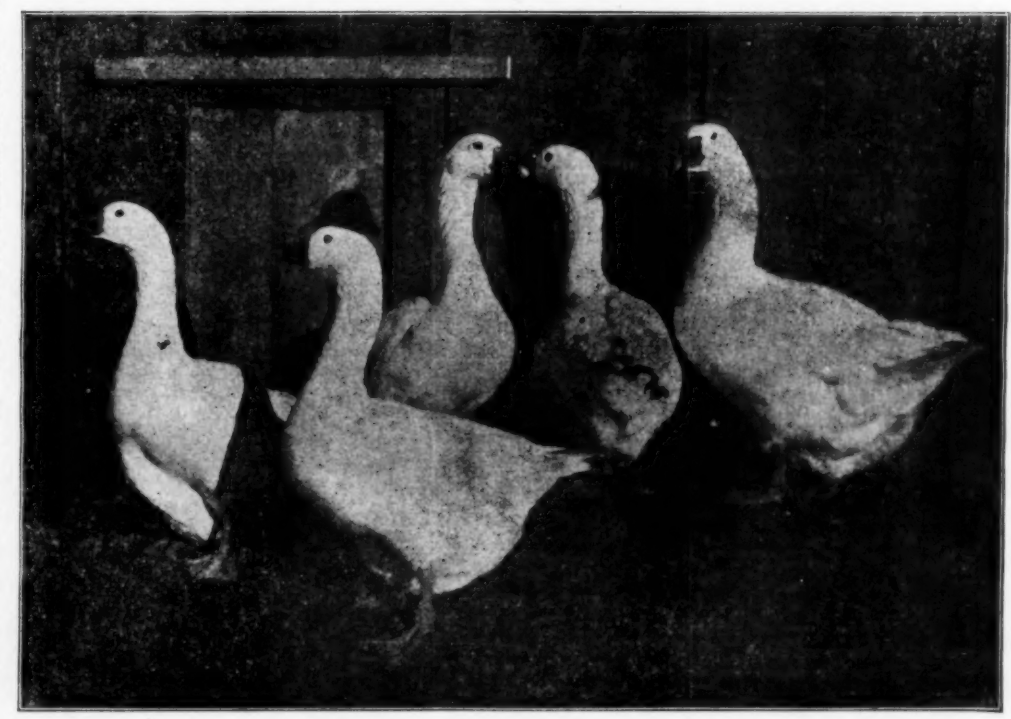
Why should the user of land be discouraged when it is perfectly obvious, even to the most ignorant of men, that its use stimulates industry throughout the whole state?

Below we present the leading thoughts of Mr. McLaughlin's address touching the great subject of taxation:

"Mr. McLaughlin said his theory was in line with the report of the special tax commissioners in 1900, and read from the message of governors of Maine, especially from that of the late Gov. Dingley, in support of his position. He said he did not believe that any fair minded man could investigate the subject of taxation in Maine, without reaching the conclusion that the farmers are taxed too much, and the corporations too little. In support of his position he read extracts from editorials published in some state papers."

He then took up the question, "Ought the wild lands of the state to pay a higher rate of taxation?" and said that in reality, the wild lands, assessed for a trifle, are the best paying property in Maine, and he argued that it would be

ONE OF THE BEST MONEY EARNERS.



EMBODY GESE, OLD AND YOUNG, BREED BY SAMUEL CUSHMAN, WEST MANSFIELD, MASS.

time that the farmers of Maine were awakened to the importance of a more equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation.

The agitation for the taxation of franchises is a step in the right direction. The value of a franchise is the value of the special privilege conferred, and as these special privileges are conferred by the public it is perfectly just that the annual rental value of all franchises should be taken to help pay public expenses. I wish to call attention to another source from which revenue might be raised and which Mr. McLaughlin seems to have overlooked. I refer to the valuable unimproved land of every city and village in the state.

Exempting such land from its fair share in the burden of taxation stands in the way of its proper use. Were such land taxed as high as improved land is joining it, the owner would either have to use it or let some one else do so. Why should the owner of a valuable plot of land who erects a house on it be taxed more than the owner of an adjoining lot, equally as valuable, who holds it out of use?

Can a system of taxation that fines industry and pampers the dog in the manger spirit be just?

only a matter of simple justice to the owners of other forms of property that they pay more taxes.

He said he was advocating nothing revolutionary, or untied, and quoted from the report of the state treasurer of Connecticut, where all taxes are indirect, rather, than direct, that is, the land is exempt. That state raises its revenue, he said, without difficulty, and has a balance of nearly \$350,000, while the state of Maine raises almost \$1,000,000, by taxing landed property, and is \$200,000 behind. He said that so far from being revolutionary, or radical, he was only in line with men like the late Gov. Dingley, and in accord with some of the best men of the state.

Returning to the subject of taxation of farm property, he read a list of 18 farms advertised to be sold for taxes in one small town, and said that they are assessed for \$18,900. Their owners are hard-working farmers, but they are unable to get money.

Mr. McLaughlin said this matter of the state taxes is of great interest to the people of Portland. In this city those who pay the least taxes in proportion to their holdings, are making the most money. The city of Portland is assessed for \$112,000 of the state tax. This is no

small matter. The great corporations should pay more, the farmers and business men less. It is unjust to tax the man who is willing to put his money into buildings, and to leave untaxed the man who invests in bonds. He said in his judgment the farmers and business men of the state will yet be found together on the point.

He then took up the question of double taxation, and said that at this time the farmer who has a mortgage on his property is forced to pay a high rate of interest, and then he pays all the tax on the property. He would tax the maker and holder of the mortgage, to the extent of their individual interest in the property. He said he believed it would be impossible for any one to convince the average Maine farmer that there was anything wrong or unjust in that proposition.

He said he was rejoiced to see the great degree of interest already manifest in the league. It is spreading rapidly, and much educational work has been done. The people are thinking. They are not looking to political parties for their relief, but to themselves. When the farmers and taxpayers of Maine are once aroused they will find a remedy for existing abuses.

He said that valuable franchises ought to pay a higher tax. The people may be accommodated but the corporations make money. The corporations ought to be willing to pay something for special rights."

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

Provincial Notes.

Mr. Editor: I passed a pleasant night at the hospitable home of Mr. John F. Frost, Hampton, King's county, N. B. He, in connection with his father, a highly intelligent gentleman, carries on quite an extensive business in stock raising and butter making, and they are by no means slow to introduce any new feature which tends to lessen the cost of production and adds to the comfort of their farm animals. I next called on B. V. Millidge, St. John, N. B., who is engaged in producing milk for the city market and breeding fine Jersey stock. I had the pleasure of seeing his thoroughbred bull which took the first prize at the St. John exhibition in the 2-year-old class. He is indeed a fine built animal. Taking a trip up the picturesque valley of the St. John, I called on H. B. Hall, a wide-awake, up-to-date farmer of Gagetown, having a large, level farm, keeping about forty head of cattle, and feeding for profit.

Much of the same state of things exists in Southern Indiana, which is one of the best fruit growing sections of the world, when you take into account her available markets, yet it is hardly known and its magnificent possibilities are practically undeveloped. Who will wake up these dormant resources? The institute well supported could do this and should do it.

Again look at the tremendous waste of the roughage on most farms. On hundreds of thousands of acres half of the value of the corn crop goes to waste. Yet the method of saving this waste and enriching the farms is within the reach of almost every farmer. Few or none are too poor to practice it. A few silos dot the state, a few shredders make corn hay, and their owners get rich, but it seems as if the gospel of the silo has reached only a few, and costly timothy still is fed to thousands of horses who would do better on finely shredded fodder.

Governor Hoard of Wisconsin tells us every year, when he reads the report of our state statistician, how many of our milk cows are dead-heads, beating half their living instead of paying for it all, and a profit to enrich their owners besides. Yet how few herds of thoroughbreds or high grade cattle are in the state, compared to the thousands of scrubs and natives, barely fit for the Wiener wurst factory. We have hardly begun the dairy business or to raise high class beef cattle. Much has been preached of the need of high grade stock, either for beef or for milk, the farmers are still unconvinced.

All these departments of farming wait for a quickening influence. Who shall give it them? Of all the devices yet presented, the institute is the most practical and economical. It has only begun its work, and it has done well, but it needs to do five, ten, twenty times as much. It needs not only practical men, but good speakers, men who will convince the doubters as well as instruct those willing to learn, men who will arouse enthusiasm and progress. The states all around us are wakening up. Shall we let them get ahead of us? Surely not. If Indiana should do this in farming, it is almost the only thing she does it in. We lead in many lines, we are well to the front in most. We look to the Farmers' Institute to help the farming interest to get as near the front as the manufacturing, the educational, the religious and charitable, the literary and artistic interests are. In all these, the position of our state is an admirable one. Let us make it our business to bring our chosen occupation, the most necessary as it is one of the noblest that men can follow, in line with the rest. I am proud to know that the state's farm, whose management I am responsible, has received commendation from many whose judgment is worthy of honor. Let me confess that if all the methods I have learned at Farmers' Institutes were to be abandoned to-day, our farm would lose one of its productive value to the state. I want to see every farmer in Indiana get as much benefit from the Farmers' Institutes as I have, and to do this we must multiply their number and increase their power.

to hunt or chase moose caribou or deer shall be punished by a fine of one hundred dollars and cost of prosecution for each offence."

The sheep are less able to take care of themselves when chased by dogs than any of these animals protected by this law. Why not have the law amended by having the word sheep inserted in the above sentences after the word caribou. One word will do it.

Very truly yours, ELI E. JOSSELYN.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE COLUMN.

HOW THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE MAY PROMOTE NEW INDUSTRIES.

(Abstract of an address given at the Second Indiana State Conference of Farmers' Institute officers, by Alexander Johnson.)

There are some things that the best farmers, in selfish isolation, are too prone to forget. One of these is that we can not be fully prosperous alone, that our neighbor must come forward along with us, or else we can not do as well as we otherwise could. Take for an example of this, the business of fruit growing.

What we need before we can make this pay as well as it should, is that whole localities shall do the best kind of work possible, and establish the name of the district, make a reputation for it among the dealers. One or two men, unless exceptionally large growers, cannot do this. It is when scores or hundreds ship extra choice fruit from a vicinity, and make its name well known, as for instance, Sonoma County, California, is known, that the best prices in the best markets can be had. Northern Indiana took the first prize at the World's Fair for fine flavored apples, yet does any New York commission house pay a nickel more for a barrel of apples because it has a Northern Indiana brand? But if we were organized and enterprising, we could command the best prices in the best markets, we could get an extra profit from our name, as well as for extra fine fruits. If we shall ever do this, it will be because hundreds of farmers have been awakened to the possibilities and instructed in the methods of fruit culture and how to market the crop. Single day institutes upon fruit culture alone in every county seat and considerable village in Northern Indiana, conducted by first class speakers, able to instruct and to arouse enthusiasm, might profitably be held.

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PROTECT SHEEP AS WELL AS CARIBOU.

Mr. Editor: I have just read the item in the Farmer relative to the destruction of sheep by dogs and also note what is said about fish and game in the closing sentence. It seems to me that if the fish and game laws were amended by just one word it would give the sheep all the protection they require. I refer to Sec. 22. If the word sheep were inserted after the word caribou in two sentences it would give the sheep grower sufficient power to protect his flock. These sentences would then read: "Any person may at any time lawfully kill any dog found hunting or chasing a moose caribou or deer or any dog kept or used for that purpose. Any person owning or having in his possession any dog for purpose of hunting or chasing moose, caribou or deer, or who permits his dog

FRUIT NOTES.

The orchard is the place for pulverized bones. The finer portions are immediately taken up by the roots, while the coarser parts have an influence for years.

A very excellent authority says: "It is a fact that such fruit as the apple, the pear and the plum, taken when ripe, without sugar, diminish the acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it. The vegetable juices contained in these fruits are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to correct acidity. A good ripe apple (raw) is one of the easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of digestion being complete in eighty-five minutes." In the French hospitals an apple poultice is sometimes applied to inflamed eyes. It is probable that such fruits as food also serve as allayers of inflammation in the stomach and other alimentary organs.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

The Experiment Station at Geneva have tested 109 varieties of grapes and classified them into lists by the character of the branches formed when the fruit buds are enclosed, before the flowers open, in paper bags which shut out pollen from other varieties. Thirty-eight varieties bear perfect bunches under these conditions, and 66 bear bunches which are marketable, though not compact or perfect. These two classes include most of our commercially profitable grapes: Catawba, Concord, Delaware, Diamond, Isabella, Moore's Early, Niagara, Pocklington, Worden, etc. Twenty-eight varieties bear some fruit, but not marketable bunches, and 37 varieties do not fruit at all. Among varieties in these last two classes may be mentioned Barry, Brighton, Emeline, Grein's Golden, Herbert, Rogers, No. 3, Salem, and Wilder.

To insure perfect fruiting of varieties of these last classes they must be set with other grapes which blossom at the same time. Data are given in the bulletin to show time of blooming of the different varieties.

This may explain to some why they have not had better success with the Roger's Hybrid, as the power of self-fertilization seems to be wholly or partially lost in the hybrid varieties, which are nearly or quite all of those mentioned above as not fruiting, unless other varieties, blossoming at or near the same time, are planted near them. We have found Brighton and Salem to fruit very well when among other vines.

WESTERN ORCHARDS.

When we read of the apple orchards in the West, with thousands of trees in each orchard just coming into bearing, we need not let that discourage us with the idea that a few years hence or 20 years hence apples will be so abundant that there will be no market for them. We need to remember the rapid growth of the population and the ever-increasing demand from England for American apples, which promises now to be supplemented by a demand from other European countries, to understand the situation. The increase in the apple supply scarcely keeps pace with the demand, and while a larger crop in the older states may make prices low in local markets in an occasional season, we have no fear but that first-class apples will be in good demand at fair prices for years to come.

There is also another feature in the Western orchards which is not often considered by those who are accustomed to conditions here. The usual bearing life of an apple tree in many of those states seldom exceeds 20 years, and more frequently it ends at 15 years. If not dead then it will be apparently as old as the trees which our grandfathers planted a century ago. It will not be tall, for they seldom grow too high for the fruit to be gathered from a short step-ladder, but it will show the signs of early decay.

This is not from any lack of care, but because of climatic conditions, and refers more particularly to the prairie states. The orchards have no shelter from the winds, which perhaps do more harm in summer than in winter, helping the sun to dry the soil so that the tree suffers from a lack of moisture.

They are now trying to remedy this to some extent by closer planting, so that the trees may shade the ground and also protect one another by preventing such rapid evaporation by the leaves, but if they succeed in this, they are likely to suffer from exhaustion of the soil. All is not prosperous in the West, nor will it be for the next quarter of a century, though it may look very rosy as we read some of the reports. But we hear much more about the one lucky one who draws a prize in the lottery than we do of the thousands who lose.

DAIRY EDUCATION.

Special schools are quite common nowadays. Drawing, nurse training, cooking, elocution, and a host of other lines of industry, are taught entirely apart from other branches.

This well recognized order of the day—specialization—has for some years entered into farming operations and several of the agricultural colleges of the country have conducted dairy schools. The main function of these schools is to teach the young men and women the science and art of butter making, the use of various kinds of dairy apparatus, the care and handling of milk, including pasteurization, the testing of milk, cream, etc., for total solids, fat, acidity, and salts.

A school of this kind has been in operation every winter for eight years at the Agricultural College at Burlington, Vermont. Its ninth session will open on January 23 next. The course is for Vermonters of both sexes. Not only the professional creamery worker, but any one who may wish to learn the newer methods in dairying, is welcome.

The outfit of the school includes a dozen separators, several churns, butter worker, milk testing apparatus of all kinds, etc.

Three sets of lectures are given, text books are used, a system of daily questions and answers and of final examinations is carried out, and, in short, modern butter dairying methods are the topic for consideration for six days in the week for four weeks. Under the management of the most competent instructors to be procured, the students themselves handle the milk through the entire process from weigh can to butter tub, including separating, cream ripening, churning, washing, packing and testing.

No entrance examinations are held or tuition charges made. The entire expense of the four weeks over and above travel to and from Burlington need not exceed \$20. The class is limited to fifty in number. Every year for eight years the class has been full, and often applicants have had to be turned away for lack of room.

Such of our readers as may be interested in dairy matters and desire to learn more are urged to send for the school circulars. Address Dairy School, Burlington, Vermont.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Home Pork making," the art of raising and curing pork on the farm. By A. W. Fulton, commercial editor of *American Agriculturist* and *Orange Judd Farmer*. Illustrated, 12 mo, 144 pp., cloth. Orange Judd company, New York. Price, postpaid, 50 cents. This practical book is a guide for the farmer, the country butcher and the suburban dweller, in all that pertains to hog slaughtering, curing, preserving and storing pork product—from slaughtering to kitchen table and dining room. There are chapters on pork making on the farm, finishing off hogs for bacon, slaughtering, scalding and scraping, dressing and cutting, what to do with the offal, the fine points in making lard, pickling and barreling, care of hams and shoulders, dry-salting bacon and sides, smoking and smoke houses, keeping bacon and hams, side lights on pork making, packing house outputs of pork, magnitude of the wine industry, discovering the merits of roast pig. The many recipes for cooking and serving pork are the favorite dishes of the best cooks. Every detail connected with the raising of porkers and the proper management and best most satisfactory methods of utilizing pork are so clearly and fully presented that, even without experience or special equipment, any intelligent person can readily follow the instructions.

A Primer of Forestry, a volume of 100 pages, neatly bound and profusely illustrated will be found of vital interest to the student of the forest and the lover of the trees. It is from the pen of Hon. Gifford Pinchot, forester, and contains much valuable material.

Sir Walter Besant begins in the December *Century* a series of papers illustrating life in East London, as it is today. His manner of treating the subject is that of the novelist, rather than the essayist, for he takes as his point of departure the birth of a typical girl of the East—"*One of Two Millions in East London*,"—and traces her career to the time of her marriage at seventeen to a young countryman who has come up to town to make his living as a writer. Liz is a "Board school" girl, and Sir Walter holds that what the average East Londoner learns from books at school he afterwards forgets; but that the civilizing influence of the schools is incalculable, and has marvellously transformed the East End within the past thirty years. No one knows more of the life of the poor in London than the author of "*All Sorts and Conditions of Men*," and no one is better known to his pictorial interpreter than Phil May, who collaborates with Joseph Pennell in illustrating Sir Walter's article.

The contributors to the December *Ladies' Home Journal* include Finley Peter Dunbar (author of "Dooley"), Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Ian MacLaren, S. T. Pickard, Mrs. Burton Kingsland, Edward Bok, George W. Cable, Albert W. Smith, Dan Beard, Franklin Fyles, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, and a half-score of other equally well-known writers. To the pictorial embellishment of the same number A. B. Frost, W. L. Taylor, H. C. Christie, Frank O. Small, Walter Russell, Lucius Hitchcock and others have contributed their best efforts.

The *Christmas Journal* covers an unusually wide field of interest. The great festival day is the theme of carol, story and picture, and of various practical, useful articles. While numerous topics that are uppermost in the minds of women and helpful in the conduct of the home, are practically discussed. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

The Thanksgiving Number of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in its stories, poems, pictures and general articles, will be the most attractive number of the magazine yet issued. In this number Robert W. Chambers has a seasonal outdoor-story, entitled "The Hunter,"—the romance of a poacher's pretty daughter. Other features are: Edwin Markham's latest poem, "The Lyric Serp"; "An Electrical Transaction"—a tale of the Transvaal War by Robert Barr; "At dawn," by Octave Thanet; and "The Minister's Housewife," a story by C. B. Loomis. Two notable articles in this number are "Lincoln as Candidate and President," by his old friend and political ally, Colonel A. K. McClure, and "Our New Prosperity," by Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The December "New Lippincott" breathes the Christmas spirit throughout. The complete novel by Ernest Rhys in the December "New Lippincott," under the striking title of "The Whistling Maid," is a romance of rushing interest and weird beauty, surpassing anything yet achieved by a writer of far-reaching fame. It exhales the very breath of the Welsh land in which the scene is laid, and brings back the charm of love and martial glory which characterized the days of Celtic knightdom.

Clean blood means a clear skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella, Candy Catharine clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begins today with banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarella—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Beauty to Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clear skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella, Candy Catharine clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begins today with banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarella—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

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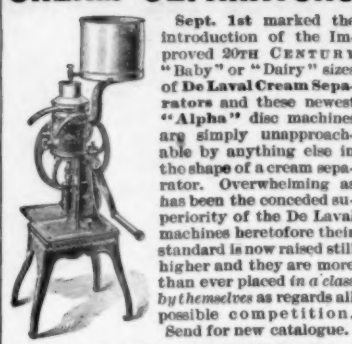
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NEW 20TH CENTURY CREAM SEPARATORS



THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
RANDOLPH & CANAL STS., CHICAGO, ILL.
NEW YORK.

IN THE MASTER'S GARDEN.

In the garden of earth ye wander,
But 'My Garden' lieth yonder,
Beyond the 'Bourne'.
My garden of dewy roses,
And lilies fair,
Where no blossom fades or closes
In the golden air:
No wind of autumn comes thither
Or frost's breath chill;
My buds no warm sun wither
Nor blight may kill.

There in the leafy bush of peace eternal,
I wait for you,
Till your appointed task of toils diurnal,
Or many a fated,
Simple or hard, or lightly borne or sadly,
Shall finish be—
Knock—and it shall be opened to you gladly:
Come unto me!

What though the frail shoots languish,
The weeds grow tall,
And your fair white roses, fading,
Let their petals fall.
Be of good cheer, and steadfast,
Still labor on:
Verily, thou shalt vanquish
Doubting, and loss, and anguish,
Ere thy day is done—
Then shall great joy befall thee,
When thou shalt see
At set of sun.

Clear shalt thou hear me calling
Through the quiet evening,
When the cold sweet dew is falling,
By the garden-side:
Then shalt thou come from toiling,
Then shalt thou rise and enter,
Through the vine wreathed door—
Enter—My hand shall lead thee,
Thy soul's desire shall speed thee,
Swift through the dimly gleaming
To where the flowers are blooming.
Where the Lilies wait never,
But joy endureth ever
And endureth.

PURPOSE AND THE STEADFAST FAITH.

A young farmer showed me his schedule of work to be completed within each period of ten days during the four months after April 1st. He stated very positively that his work must be finished within the periods specified, even if it was necessary to hire extra help. The fore-hand man is four handed. Gough used to say many men were three handed; right and left and a third behind-hand. Still there is a vast difference between writing out a well defined plan and the working it out. Living up to an ideal is much harder than talking about it. Yet the man with a purpose, who steadily faces the difficulties, is on the right road to success.

Sometimes it seems as though any plan, any method in the berry business, if thoroughly carried out, is a good one. But generally, the men who miss success have failed to work with a definite purpose. Instead of deprecating the work of originators of new varieties, with their extraordinary yields, let us see if we cannot make pets of a few kinds and discover how they reach such good results as they report. A neighbor said: "Of course you cultivate well your berries because you like the work." Well, if there is no plan and the labor is distasteful and holds out no promise of gratification, it will easily be pushed aside by things seemingly more important.

It is not too late to form plans for the coming season with definite aims. I do not claim great things, nor to be better than my fellow growers, but I could not contentedly drift on. Instead I have blocked out the work for the coming spring and summer, have selected the ground to be occupied and partly prepared the same. Even the distance of rows and plants and the kinds to be set out, with their future treatment have been determined, and although plots are under the snow, yet in mental vision I can see just how they will be occupied.

Our younger men need the set purpose to be somebody—to be somebody in the fruit business. The field is largely unoccupied and there is plenty of room for earnest, steadfast men. His best friends say the late Nelson Dingley was not brilliant but thorough; for "the man who takes the trouble to master the facts is the man of power." There is plenty to learn and much skill to gain. The road to prominence and business success is made up. The largest strawberry nursery was started not so long ago by a man who was obliged to borrow fifteen dollars to buy his first plants, and he had his own difficulties and drawbacks to master.

There is great need for intelligent, painstaking and thorough study of the best methods of cultivating and developing fruits. Much is only half known and there is an open door for men who will "master the facts." A correspondent on the Pacific coast expresses his mind quite freely concerning the quality of much that is published of ephemeral value. He says: "There is a lot of scientific information published and in circulation that is ambiguous and too general to be of any use, and its indefiniteness covers its imperfection and

makes it hard to say it is untrue. I have no use for such information in business. If young men would concentrate all their spare energies, would master the facts, and determine to profit by their failures and shortcomings, they would not only learn the lessons of success, but their rapid progress in the resolution endeavor to rise and go onward and upward would both give them prestige and would clear away the mists that shroud so much the practice in berry growing.

What the special problem for investigation shall be will depend on each man's opportunities, but there is a host of unsolved questions that are very practical. Let any man think out a good working plan for raising big berries; selecting varieties for fancy berries; methods of packing and display; building up a local market; securing best financial results, or selection of profitable kinds for a long season, and by being somebody his steadfastness will inspire others, while he becomes a success in life. Such men will find an abundance of hard questions, but they will strive to discover the answers for themselves. When a man clearly appreciates what he wants to know he is half way toward the solution of his problem, and he will not wait to question strangers.

BENJAMIN DURHAM.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

"Advice," said Uncle Eben, "is hard to manage. If you gives it away you doesn't git no benefit, an' if you sells it you's gwine to sell de quality tryin' to please customers."—*Washington Star*.

"Seeing is believing." You can see what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, and must believe it will do the same for you.

"I'm going to sing at the mothers' meeting tomorrow." "I shouldn't think they would allow a little girl only five years old to attend a mothers' meeting." "Well, I guess I have a right to go if I want to. Ma makes me take care of the baby nearly all the time."—*Cleveland Leader*.

How Are Your Kidneys? Dr. Hobb's Sarsaparilla cures all kidney ills. Sample free. Add, Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

"Bridget," that is child crying so "wifely" for!" "Sure, mum, he's just drunk all his soothin' syrup and ate the cork, and I don't know what ails him unless it's the bottle he wants to swallow!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Teacher. "Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember this?" Bobby Smart. "Yes, ma'am."

Teacher. "Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?" Bobby Smart. "He was a poet."—*Ohio State Journal*.

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"So you think he is strictly honest, do you?" "There isn't the least doubt about it. Every time an election approaches he is talked of as the only man who could unite the different factions of his party, and then somebody else is nominated."—*Chicago News*.

Hicks. "Considering how many doctors of law the colleges are all the time turning out, the laws are not in a very healthy condition."

Wicks. "Perhaps that is the reason why they are not in a better condition."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be sure and get full of nerve and vigor, take No-To-Tobacco. It cures the habit, weakens the strength. All druggists, 50c or 10c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

The scorching heat which did nothing but his bicycle caught a cold which left him with a very sore throat. He decided to see a physician. "Well," said the doctor, cheerily, "what seems to be the trouble?" "I can't say exactly," replied the man in a heavy whisper. "But it feels and sounds as if I had a puncture in my inner tube."—*New York World*.

"O, George! Who opened the canary's cage?" "I did. You told me a little bird was a-wheeping when I was near him, so I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about. So I opened the cage and the cat's eaten him. That's what he's got for splitting on me."—*Stray Stories*.

The popular view of the relation of the blood to human character and conduct is marked in many a familiar expression. We speak of there being "bad blood" between people at enmity, of "blue blood" being the mark of nobility, of "black blood" as describing a treacherous nature, and in many another phrase mark our belief that in the mental, moral and physical man, "the blood is the life." It is the basis of a healthy, happy and useful life is pure blood. With the blood pure, disease has no permanent lodging place in the system. For this reason the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the body of diseases which have their origin in impurity of the blood. It absolutely purifies the blood, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter, increasing the action of the blood vessels, and helping to purify the body by supplying the blood in quantity and quality such as is essential to a condition of health. It cures ninety-eight people out of every hundred who use it.

Mr. De Science. "The officers of the Smithsonian Institution are having the chapter of monkeys photographed, in the hope that in time their language may be understood, and it may be possible to converse with them."

Mrs. De Science. "Isn't that grand? I hope they'll ask the monkeys, the very first thing, whether we are descended from them or not."—*New York Weekly*.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 22, Arthur M. Merrill to Miss Jessie S. Campbell of Lowell, Mass.

In this city, Nov. 11, Horace T. McGuire to Miss Helen L. Cole, both of Burlington.

In Bangor, Nov. 11, Charles L. White to Miss Annie Huddell.

In Camden, Nov. 11, Alexander McMillan to Miss Jessie M. Brechen, both of Bath.

In Bangor, Nov. 10, Walter G. Collins of Bangor to Miss Sarah A. Merrill of Bangor.

In Boothbay Harbor, Nov. 16, Walter H. McMillan to Miss Florence E. Carville of Boothbay Harbor.

In Bangor, Nov. 8, George M. Reed to Miss Minnie L. Bullock, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Nov. 11, Eugene Lowell to Miss Mildred Longfellow, both of Portland.

In Bangor, Nov. 11, Melvin E. Young of Rockland to Miss Carrie Sullivan of Augusta.

In Bangor, Nov. 16, Dean Abbott of Fryeburg to Miss Miranda Ricker of Augusta.

In Dexter, Nov. 11, Charles Preston Kitt to Miss Anna M. Morrill, both of Dexter.

In Dover, Nov. 11, Eugene F. Hibbard to Miss Lottie M. Bickford, both of Dover.

In Dover, N. H., Nov. 20, Joseph Bishop to Miss Bertha Helen, both of Dover.

In East Machias, Nov. 8, Cape. William Bennett to Miss Edith Hunter, both of East Machias.

In Ellsworth, Nov. 6, Rufus Ames to Miss Jennie Bennett; Nov. 8, William H. Matlow to Miss Mary Kenningham, all of Eastport.

In Ellsworth, Nov. 13, Frank H. Echenburg to Miss Edith W. Root, both of Ellsworth.

In Farmington, Nov. 15, H. Leroy Simpson to Miss Lottie M. Bickford, both of Farmington.

In Freeburg, Nov. 15, Melvin Eastman of North Conway, N. H., to Miss Emma Lovejoy of Freeburg.

In Gorham, Nov. 16, Leonard M. Boothby to Miss Edith E. French, both of Gorham.

In Kennebunk, Nov. 8, Leonard Sylvia to Miss Sylvia French, both of Kennebunk.

In Litchfield, Nov. 8, Harry W. Taylor to Miss Edith Litchfield, both of Litchfield.

In Lubec, Nov. 11, Leo Allen to Miss Lorena Myers, both of Lubec.

In Machias, Nov. 8, Harry L. Smith of Whiting to Miss Mildred M. Bruce of Eastport; Nov. 8, Charles S. Mather to Miss Eunice B. Howe, both of Machias.

In Machias, Nov. 8, Jesse F. Shaw of Eastport to Miss Rose L. Shaw of Machias.

In New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 8, James E. Blake, Jr., of Walpole, Mass., to Miss Ella May Gardner of Portland.

In Portland, Nov. 11, Frank C. Farnham of Penobscot to Miss Mary E. Gibbs of Portland.

In Portland, Nov. 11, Frank W. Doore to Mrs. Albertina E. Silver, both of Portland.

In Portland, Nov. 16, Bert Pollard to Miss Chelsea Foster, both of Portland.

In Portland, Nov. 16, Frank L. Sweet, both of Portland, to Miss Edith E. French, both of Portland.

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DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS. They Are the Most Important Organs of the Body.

Is that great human engine, which decides the health of every man and woman, working properly?

settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys need immediate attention.

Bright's disease, which is destroying more human lives than any other disease, may be stealing upon you.

The symptoms you have noticed are the danger signals nature sets to show that the track of health is not clear.

Take Swamp-Root, the famous new discovery, whose fame is being heralded by grateful men and women, saved from untimely graves by its immediate and marvelous power over diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Especially in cases of Bright's disease is Swamp-Root winning new friends every hour.

Swamp-Root succeeds because it cures. Every man and woman, no matter how healthy and vigorous, would profit by taking Swamp-Root every now and then as a preventive, and thus at last forestall kidney and bladder troubles.

Swamp-Root is the triumphal discovery of the eminent kidney specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that medical science has ever been able to command.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the *Augusta Maine Farmer*.

Swamp-Root is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root,

OUR KIDNEYS.

Important Organs of the Body.

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Especially in cases of Bright's disease Swamp-Root winning new friends everywhere. Swamp-Root succeeds because it cures every man and woman, no matter how long and how deep the disease is.

Swamp-Root is the triumph of the eminent kidney specialist, Dr. J. C. Kimball, and is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is used by doctors themselves who have seen the greatest and most successful results that medical science has ever achieved to compound.

You have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is any of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kimball & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free mail immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read the generous offer in the August Maine Farmer.

Swamp-Root is for sale the world over in bottles of two sizes and at prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, and address, Binghamton, N. Y.

is Big Interest

many users of the D STATES SEPARATOR have money invested.

receive letters from users of the U. S. States Separator, who say that the separator is the best of the kind ever made.

the separator is the best of the kind ever made. It is a separator, and it is a separator.

any costing twice as much as the separator.

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St. Portland, Maine.

This I Will Do!

I will pay \$100 reward for any case of colic, loose bowels, splinters, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that I can cure.

Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Prop'r.

27 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

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Poultry.



A LAY OF AN ANCIENT HEN.

Yes, I am a lazy, fat old hen. I've never reared a family. Or laid but one egg in my life. I never got up in the morning till ten. And I go to roost at four.

With a crop chuck full of the finest corn—Now, what could a hen want more?

There's some of my sisters get up with the dawn. While the grass with the dew is still wet. And come home with some very marvelous tales.

Of the wonderful worms they get; But once when I tried the plan myself (It was foolish to be so bold).

Why all that I got for three hours' work. Was a horrible, nasty cold.

But now I wait till the air is warm And the ground all nice and dry. So if you notice an early bird.

You can bet that it is not I. They may call me a lazy, fat old hen. But I know, when I give up the ghost They will bury my body decently.

For I am far too tough to roost. So take my advice, young hens and old. And don't get up too soon.

Just follow my plan—eat all you can, And go to roost at noon. It is only a common, ignorant hen That is scolding about all day.

Just act like me, and you'll very soon see Why keeping old hens don't pay.

—Feathered World.

A large number of cockerels in the yards with the hens and pullets are a nuisance and should be thinned out as soon as possible.

Any one having pure bred Bronze turkeys for sale can find a customer by advertising in these columns as calls are frequent for good stock of this variety.

Have you noticed the latest quotations from the market, "fancy henner" from 6 to 8 cents above all other quotations? Why not get into the "fancy henner" class?

Kill off every surplus male before housing the birds for winter and save feed thereby. Keep only a working flock. Have no drones in the hive where eggs are being built.

Kill no bird until 30 hours after it has been fed and then pluck dry while warm and you will have good eating. Don't try to sell corn in the crop for it will surely ruin your reputation for growing good poultry.

There is a difference in breeds as regards their ability to withstand cold. The large-combed, thin-coated Leghorns usually suffer more from exposure than the compact built, heavily feathered breeds like the Wyandottes.

It is a truthful saying of former customers that Whittier gives when he speaks of the cock as

"Peering from his early perch Upon the scaffold's pole of birch."

but we doubt about the hens of that flock laying in the winter.

Cabbages make good winter green food. They will be cheaper this fall and more easy to obtain than after winter sets in. They keep well in a good, dry cellar, or in an "earth pit." Better lay in a supply; you will need them, and they will help your birds to lay good eggs.

In our absence from home we overlooked the first issue of *The Poultryman* and *Pomologist*, a monthly edited and published by Mr. G. P. Coffin. Preceptor Bro. Coffin is a lover of good birds and an earnest student of the problem. The *Farmer* extends best wishes in his new venture.

The year's experience is demonstrating that the old reliable Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes and Leghorns are among the best birds and breeds for the poultryman of New England. They are hardy, hearty, rapid growers, good layers and their meat is of the right color.

The *Maine Farmer* says its poultry department will be very valuable the coming year. That's right. A large share of our common sense points are cribbed from the *Farmer*—*Lovell Weekly Journal*.

Thank you, Bro. Madden. If we are able to hold to the common sense line the outlook will be well for us all.

Have you cleaned that poultry house yet? Remove the nests and perches and clean thoroughly. Whitewash won't hurt it. Wash the windows. By the way, how often do you wash them? Nail on those loose boards or any that may be off. A little draught is sometimes fatal. And don't forget to look at that roof, it may need patching.

Don't plan to keep too many hens the coming winter. Cut your flock according to the space you have and let the small and inferior pullets and oldest hens go to market. The old rule of ten feet floor space for each fowl is a good one. Of course you can keep more but the profits will be no larger than if you have just the right number for the accommodations at hand.

A dust-box should be provided, and placed where the sun's rays will render it still more attractive to the biddies during the cold, snowy days of winter. Dry earth is a good dusting material, but dry road dust is better, as it is finer. If this be used, it should be collected during summer. Dry coal ashes are also excellent, as they are extremely penetrating, as every one familiar with them knows.

Look out for chicken thieves. They

are most numerous from now on until snow falls and rob many a fancier of his season's work and profits. Not only should the chickens be taught to roost inside under shelter, but the henhouse should be securely locked. A small, active dog is very useful to give alarm of intruders who should be welcomed with powder and shot if necessary. A chicken thief is the most despicable of creatures and some hot lead is none too harsh for him.—*Fanciers' Review*.

DEESE. For several weeks we have been presenting fine illustrations of geese of different varieties hoping thus to stimulate activity in breeding this very valuable class of poultry. We are pleased to note the evidence of increased interest in many portions of the state. Let us have more geese, they are good foragers, rapid growers and always in demand at fair prices. Boom the goose pasture and flocks for 1900 for there are dollars in the flocks. We propose to follow this with illustrations of turkeys and suggestions as to their increase, care and feeding.

NEW METHOD OF KEEPING EGGS. A method of preserving eggs without the use of chemicals or cold storage, so that they will keep for an indefinite period as fresh as they were taken from the nest, has been invented by a New Yorker. The chief merit of the invention is its simplicity. Its principle is merely that the egg shall be arranged on racks in peculiarly constructed cases, so that the air will have free circulation around them. A case built upon the new plan costs no more than the ordinary packing cases now in use, yet a cargo of eggs placed in them can probably be sent around the world and come back to the starting point ready to be cooked and put upon the table of an epicure.

OUR MARKETS AND THEIR STORY. Our markets have been well supplied this year with poultry from the home farms, but the revenue from this source is not what it should have been to the growers because the birds were not thoroughly fitted for market. Many fine lots have been seen but many more, enough to suggest heavy loss, have gone directly from the fields to the block without preparation. Because of this prices have had a wide range. Birds which easily would have dressed five and a half lb. at fourteen cents have been sold to dress three and a half to four pounds at eleven to twelve cents, and the result has hardly been satisfactory. Again has the lesson been enforced that quality insures price.

A RECORD TO PLEASE. Editor *Maine Farmer*: My eggs were so fertile I got 1128 chicks where I planned to have about 700, so that I labored under the disadvantage of crowded pens until I could thin them out. Of these hatched I raised a little over 1000, and they are good enough so that I was offered \$3 each for a pen of pullets and refused, as they were in my own breeding pens, and it does not always pay to sell your best birds, even for a good price. The cockerels I weeded out all the way along for broilers and roasters, saving the best for breeders, and, if I had the room, should keep them until spring, when lazy fanciers (and those who meet with bad luck), always need them. Reckoned at market prices for eggs and poultry sold I have cleared some over \$2 per head on all hens and pullets kept this year. In November, 1898, I received \$65 for eggs; in December, \$83; and from that until the first of June, 1899, I averaged \$80 per month. All this at market prices. Is that a bad record from 150 pullets, and about 100 yearling hens? Poultry pays, but the man who runs the business does not have much time to loaf, or wear fine clothes.

Respectfully, Holliston, Mass. A. W. STRATTON.

MAKING HENS LAY. It seems strange that in this enlightened age, when there is so much literature concerning poultry, how to feed, how to care for and how to manage hens in general, that people should confess they cannot make hens lay. It should be the easiest problem to solve. I do not mean to say that they can be made to lay always by Nov. 1, but surely they should be doing well by the last of November, and continue all winter. There are a few points which are absolutely necessary to be considered in this regard. First of all, fowl must not be of uncertain age. Pullets, of course, are our earliest layers, or rather should be if hatched in early season. Next our yearling hens should be made to moult early so as to follow close behind the pullets, and last our two-year-olds should come. The first consideration of general care for layers is perfect health. Unless we can maintain a flock in this condition our egg supply will be an unknown quantity.

I believe that the great majority of breeders over-feed their layers, especially during the cold months when they are closely housed. A flock of layers must be kept active. This is easily accomplished by feeding short, or by not giving all they can eat up during the day. Hens that leave off hungry will scratch in litter and hunt for more, and the more they exercise the better the chances are for eggs. Hens confined in winter should be supplied with all the variety of food they crave if let run in summer. This means grain, green food and meal. Feed plenty of green food. This may consist of raw cabbage, turnips, mangels, apples, carrots or any other vegetable. Feed plenty of meat, but in small quantities at a time. Feed plenty of grain, but compel exercise to find it.

I feed a mash every morning in the week, and continue it until I find my hens are getting tired of it; then I change to a grain feed for variety. The mash consists of one part bran, one part ground corn and oats, one part corn meal. This is all mixed together with hot water at night, covered up, and left to steam until morning when it is fed warm. I change the ingredients occasionally, leaving out one and adding middlings or mashed-up vegetables. I never give my hens all they will eat of this mash—only enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

Cracked corn (because it is small and hard to find), wheat and oats, mixed together, are scattered in litter, and the hens are compelled to scratch to find it. At noon, I feed cabbage every day. At night, I feed a scratch feed of whole corn, wheat and oats, and all they can possibly eat; if the weather is very cold, more corn; if the weather is extremely cold, frequently all corn. Surely there is nothing very difficult or mysterious about this mode of feeding, and I get eggs all winter.

My flock is supplied with fresh water every day, and never until about nine or ten o'clock. I consider this the best hour, because the hens are then warmed up and ready to drink. Giving fowl water at seven o'clock in the winter mornings is like giving a man ice water after he has passed a hot night. It chills his whole system, and it requires all the blood in his body to take off the chill. It has the same effect upon fowl, and when they are thus chilled, they will not lay until they are warmed up.

In general, fowl should be kept in dry houses. During the winter months, when the buildings are closed up tight to keep out the cold, a certain amount of dampness accumulates, and I have seen houses where the walls and ceilings were dripping with moisture. Such an atmosphere will cause roup almost at once and throw the whole flock out of condition, and end in a great mortality. The remedy for this is, above all things, fresh air. Windows should be opened wide a longer or shorter time during the day. Some breeds lay better than others, but all breeds will lay eggs if their natures are studied. The breed does not matter so much; it is the care. These few points, which I have endeavored to treat simply, if followed, will bring the desired result, which is eggs.—E. O. Roessle in *Country Gentleman*.

Horse.



The game little racing mare, Ada P., formerly owned by postmaster J. H. Phair, Presque Isle, was sold at auction one day last week at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway, New York city, and brought \$550.

In no city have we seen the number of large, stylish, well-built horses noticed in Philadelphia. In New York the high steppers excel in numbers, square-built, blocky, Hackney type, while the impression came in Philadelphia that more of size and a bolder reach prevailed. Some grand specimens were seen on those busy streets.

There is one "sure cure" for ringing, says the *American Horse Breeder*. It is to brand horses that take records under the mane. It is not necessary to use a stove cover or a barn shovel for the branding operation. A small stop to which fine letter and figures can be adjusted will answer the purpose, and it need not be a cruel operation at that.

It seems singular that both the four-mile and two-mile trotting records should be beaten several seconds this season on foreign soil. There is no doubt but that there are several trotters in this country capable of beating the four-mile record made by Polly G. in England, and the two-mile record, 4:28-4-5, made not long since in Austria by Col. Kuser, the son of Stranger, that Allen Lowe drove to a record of 2:11 1/4 in 1895.

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Every Maine horseman remembers Greenville J. Shaw, formerly of Hartland, where he owned Gen. Withers, son of Almont, and a large band of brood mares. Mr. Shaw now lives at Searsport, and has gone out of the horse breeding business as a specialty, but he has a four-year-old filly by Bayard Wilkes, 2:11 1/4, that he regards as a good one. Her dam was Withers' Star, by Gen. Withers; 2d dam Sally Wright by Seeley's American Star. This mare is certainly well bred and is a pure galloper. She stands 15 hands high and is growing fast, and Mr. Shaw says she is as handsome a horse as he ever owned.

The Pioneer declares that E. E. Robinson, of Houlton, has just imported from Prince Edward Island, one of the finest-bred road and carriage stallions ever brought into this State. He is bred just right to do the people of Aroostook county lots of good, being from a happy combination of blood from families in which some of the greatest sires of the age predominate, backed up by the blood of famous producing mares—a most desirable feature in a trotting pedigree. He is by Bronze Chief by Monaco, and though only 2 years old is a high stepper, full of style, tips the scales at 1100, and a rich mahogany bay in color. Such colts will improve the stock of the county.

A. C. Vale of New York, and C. H. Nelson of Waterville, were guests at the Somerset Hotel, No. Anson, last week. Mr. Vale accompanied by W. F. French, went to Binghamton, to see the good little horse, Rover R., 2:24 1/2, which Mr. Vale

purchased at a long price. It seems somewhat singular that as Mr. Vale is the owner of Kenelm, 2:24 1/2, he should find a horse with so similar a record, for these horses were both raised in Binghamton, both driven their record over the Lewiston track by the same men, both got their marks in the 4th heat of the race, and now both owned by the same man, and that the driver referred to in the foregoing is one of North Anson's best horse men, W. F. French. Rover R. is now at the stable of Mr. French, where he will remain until further orders. Mr. Vale has a horse in Kenelm that money cannot buy, as his horse has been driven over a half mile track, 2:21 1/4, to a buggy which weighed 128 pounds, by Mr. Vale who weighs 185 pounds, himself.

It would repay owners of horses to have hung in their stables and to bring before grooms and drivers some such rules as the following: Never kick a horse in the belly. Remember that a horse has organs to be injured just as has man, wind to be broken, bowels to be ruptured, heart and lungs to be affected, limbs and tendons to be broken, injured or sprained. To prevent this, use the animals as you use yourself in regard to draughts and chill. Whether in saddle, conveyance, cart or wagon, never start a horse with the whip until previously signalled by the voice. In the ascent of a hill never put on speed until the summit is fully reached, a few yards allowed to recover wind and strength. The bulk of drivers start their horses when 10 or 15 yards from the top. Exhausted and puffed by the ascent, the call upon exhausted energies at the very worst time leads to ruptured bowels, broken wind, sprained tendons, worn-out legs, etc.—a horse spoiled for life. It is not one call, but the daily calls which lead up to the breakdown.

INTELLIGENT VS. IGNORANT METHODS.

Every man who has to do with animals is forced to resort to medical treatment in cases of accident or disease, and to discriminate between intelligent and ignorant methods, practices and remedies, is a duty not to be overlooked. The man who pours red liniment in the ears of a horse to cure a case of colic can hardly be considered a safe adviser. Such empiricism is on the par with that which cuts the toe nails and buries them under the bark of a tree to ward off disease and cannot for a moment be ranked alongside that intelligent treatment which carefully describes symptoms and prepares specific remedies. To-day a large percent of the horse owners carry a well stored case of preparations such as are described at length in our advertising columns, and rely upon these in treating diseases of animals, as they are scientifically prepared and accompanied by full and explicit directions. A well stocked case of these remedies should be on hand, ready for use in case of emergency, and emergencies frequently arise in every stable. The wise breeder will be in season and by following instructions given, save many a valuable animal. Don't overlook the advertisements in another column for they represent reliable firms and remedies of great value.

IS IT TRUE?

The *Review* arguing editorially against any change in the three-in-five rule, declares: "That heavy speculation is one of the most unerring signs of the health of a harness meeting. Why? Because it signifies the intense interest, not as upon the running turf, of a large body of professional gamblers, but of a large body of the horse-loving public at large. It is public interest that keeps harness racing alive. When it begins to flag, it droops; when it ceases, it dies. The critics above quoted denounce the three-in-five system because it increases the betting—an argument tantamount to the admission that it increases the interest. The truth of this proposition is self-evident. There is no great 'betting event' of recent years upon the harness turf that has not at once—and not from that reason—been also one of the greatest public and pure sporting interest. This is the common characteristic of the M. and M., the Massachusetts, the Charter Oak, the Futurity, the Transylvania, and all those others, names classic and familiar. Let one of these lapse into failure and colorless insipidity—as numerous important events on the two-in-three plan did this year—and its prestige immediately suffers.

Part—and no small part—of the fascination of a horse race lies in its element of uncertainty. Indeed, it has been so often said that 'it is uncertainty that makes horse racing,' that the phrase has become proverbial. The uncertainty attending a hard-fought race of divided heats stimulates the betting and also stimulates the public interest, and gives a keen thrill to the memory as well. It will probably be granted that the great race ever trotted was that for the Columbian free-for-all at Washington Park, Chicago, in 1893, which was won by Alx after a three-days' struggle of nine heats. The excitement and enthusiasm which it evoked in the spectators was unprecedented, and it is also probable that a larger amount of money was wagered upon it than upon any other race ever trotted."

Is this true? Does the development of the race horse depend upon the gambling contingent? If so, is it an industry to be fostered save by the sporting element?

Horse Owners! Use COMBIAULT'S Caustic Balm

The Safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes Blisters or Blister from Horses and Cattle. Speeds the cure of all Caustic or Firing. Impossible to produce scar or burn. Every bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or by express, at 25 cents per bottle. Full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circular. THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, O.

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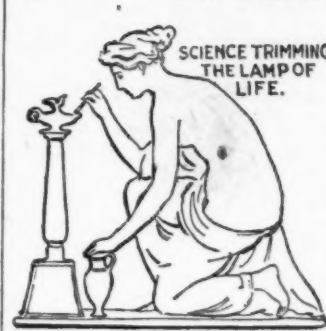
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FREE Medical Treatment on Trial and Approval

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.



method of marvelous power to vitalize, sustain, and restore weak and undeveloped portions of the body.

Any man writing in good faith may obtain full account of this astonishing system. You have only to write your name and address in the blank form below, cut out the coupon and mail it to the Erie Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 66 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Sirs:—As per statement in August, Me., "Maine Farmer," you may mail to me, under plain letter seal, postage paid, full explanation of your new system of furnishing your Appliance and Remedies to reliable men on trial and approval without expense—no payment to be made in advance—no cost of any kind unless treatment proves successful and entirely satisfactory. Also mail sealed, free, your new medical book for men.

Give name and address in full

Please write very plainly.

(30)

Maine Farmer.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1899.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Kennebec county.
Mr. F. S. Berry is calling on subscribers in Somerset county.
Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Piscataquis and Penobscot counties.
Mr. W. A. Hamilton is calling on subscribers in Waldo county.
Mr. A. G. Fitch is calling on subscribers in Sagadahoc county.
Mr. H. S. Lupton is calling on subscribers in Eastern Kennebec county.
Mr. Elmer Hewitt is calling on subscribers in Lincoln county.

Circulation Guaranteed.

THE LIVE,
PROGRESSIVE,
AGRICULTURAL
NEWSPAPER
OF THE EAST.

Fearless, Unbiased, Independent.

Devoted to the home farm and farm home of the East, it is to be more outspoken in their behalf than ever.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

If parties writing the office in regard to the Farmer will state to what office it is now being sent, it will be an easy matter to make changes, otherwise it is sometimes quite difficult.

The man who traded his faithful little dog for a drink of whiskey in Portland last week was infinitely the inferior of the four-legged brute. Let us hope that the dog's new master was more capable of appreciating him.

Science and superstition seldom get very near each other, but the fact that a statue of St. Anthony in one of the Roman Catholic churches of Boston has a halo of incandescent electric lights, suggests that even the church of Rome is waking up to modern conveniences. Electricity is made to serve some strange purposes these days.

The war department has requested that 12 more Y. M. C. A. secretaries be sent with the troops on the transports. Miss Helen Gould is contributing most of the funds for the maintenance of this work. The army leaders appreciate the work of the Y. M. C. A. among the soldiers, a work which no church or chaplain could do as effectively.

From every quarter come earnest words of commendation regarding the last issue of the Maine Farmer: "Worth more than a full year's subscription." "A complete chapter on fruit growing and poultry." "Shall carefully preserve for study this winter." "Contained more valuable information than any publication reaching our table." "Every farmer should have a copy." These are samples of a few of the many letters received.

It is to be hoped that every butter maker who can will make an exhibit at the Dairy Conference at Lewiston, Dec. 11-12, and also that there will be a large increase over last year in the dressed poultry and egg exhibit. These are features to be encouraged. The arrangements made for a special train from Waterville to return in the evening, allowing those who attend to hear the noted speakers that day will surely be appreciated. Let us make a grand rally for this joint meeting of the State Board and State Dairyman's Association.

A guileless maiden in New York is suing a fortune teller to recover \$482 which she has paid the reader of palms to secure her a husband. We are left in ignorance as to whether the husband failed to materialize, or whether the sample offered did not suit. But the Lewiston Journal wisely remarks that "if, at the outset, she had advertised in some matrimonial paper that she had \$482 and wanted a husband, she could doubtless have found some man without spending all her earnings on a fortune teller."

The New York courts have set the seal of their disapproval on one objectionable feminine practice, which is as unexplainable as it is annoying. Why a woman will persistently decline to follow consecutive pages when writing a letter, is a mystery, but we all know that the average woman will skip about from first to third, or fourth, then back to second page, to the total confusion of the sender and perplexity of the reader. A Brooklyn lady wrote her will in this charming feminine fashion, going from first to third page, and signing the document on

the second; and the courts have decided that this is illegal, since according to their idea, the signature did not come at the end of the will. The third page was therefore thrown out entirely. But will this teach women to mend their ways? Not a bit of it. Their letters will prance around in exactly the same maddening fashion.

Yet a plain and simple letter is unquestionably better than the verbiage of the ages. If the letter is from her!

Those skeptical persons who dislike to believe anything "out of the common run," and who delight to cast aspersions on the stories of William Tell, Geo. Washington and the cherry tree, and other tales of our childhood, have also tried to discredit Barbara Fritchie and her defense of the flag. But now Barbara has cropped out again in a new place. A correspondent of the London Mail cables from Cape Town as follows:

"A superb instance of woman's pluck is reported from Ladysmith, the chief town of the native reserve near the Free State border. When the Boers entered the town they went to the post-office with the intention of taking possession of it. They were met by the postmistress, an Englishwoman, who not only declined to turn over the office to them, but ordered them off the premises. The Boers were nonplussed by the lady's determined manner, but went outside and hoisted the Free State flag. The postmistress pulled it down and ran up the Union Jack again. The Boers stuck up a proclamation annexing the district. The postmistress tore it down and put up the governor's proclamation against treason. The Boers finally retired. The last accounts from Ladysmith state that the heroic woman is still in possession of the post-office."

THANKSGIVING-FOR WHAT?

The annual advent of Thanksgiving, the great family festival, brings to the thoughtful person the question "What causes for thanksgiving have we, as individuals and as a nation?" However obscured this thought may be by visions of feasting and gaiety, of turkey, mince pie and plum pudding, or by the night-mare of resultant dyspepsia, it still forces itself upon us in serious moments and will not down.

Sometimes in a flash of pessimism, we are tempted to pronounce our national day of feasting, like the day of fasting, a farce pure and simple, and to declare that not one person in a thousand has a thought above his stomach on Thanksgiving day. True enough there is too little searching of hearts. Ingratitude is the sin of the world, the sin which banishes the Divine from our midst now as it did 1900 years ago. Very few there are who have no cause for thankfulness this year, surely none among the readers of this paper, here in our prosperous New England. To some, trouble has come during the months just gone; vacant places around the board will cause many a heartache on Thanksgiving day. "Shall we receive good at the Lord's hand, and shall we not receive evil?" Death is not the worst calamity, if we keep our faith in the future. There is a blessing hidden somewhere in the cloud, if we only have the disposition to find it. No ungrateful hearts should taint the innocence of the day with an evil and poisonous odor, as it ascends from the family altar to the Giver of every good gift.

Not let our gratitude be shown only by words. The surest way of displaying it is by kindness to others, by the overflowing of our blessings upon the poor and unfortunate. "Blessed is he that remembereth the poor," is one of those good old Bible truths which no criticism, "higher" or otherwise, can ever affect. The reward comes at once, in our own hearts, and is sure as the rising of the sun.

As a nation, we certainly have reason, more than in many years of the past, to give thanks for blessings received. An era of prosperity has dawned over the land. The cry of "hard times" is relegated to the past, and right willing are we that it should stay there. Mills and factories which were closed for lack of orders, have not only opened, but many of them are running "overtime" to fill the demands upon them. The railroads are now running cars to transport the overflowing crops and the cargoes of manufactured articles. We are exporting to every country on the globe. They have the money, we have the goods, and the exchange is readily made. A cartoon in one of the comic weeklies this month has the ring of truth. It represents Uncle Sam as the proprietor of a country store, with all its varied range of commodities, and all nationalities gladly swapping their bags of gold for his goods. Remember we propose keeping a department store for the world and every man should be a contributor to its shelves and storehouses.

"But war, the wretched unnecessary war," some calamity howler pipes up. Yes, there is the war; and however much we may regret it, the fact remains,

and grumbling about it does not help, but rather hinders. If it were not for the sympathy which the wily Philippine leader receives from "anti-expansionists" in this country, a sympathy which he infinitely exaggerates to his deluded followers, the war would long ago be over. The Philippines are ours by conquest from Spain; they have rebelled against us, and must be subdued. We cannot retreat now. Our responsibility in this direction has passed out of the realm of theory; it is a fact.

The whole nation has gone into ecstasies over Dewey and his victory at Manila. Shall we render that a mere farce by weakly resigning what he bravely attained? When the Filipinos understand that our motives for them are for peace and not for evil, that we only await their submission to bestow on them the blessings of civilization, then the war will speedily be at end.

Meantime what should be our attitude in view of the national call to thanksgiving? First and foremost, loyalty to our government. It is a shame for any citizen of this republic to abandon our rulers in this trying time. If we believe a mistake has been made, wait patiently for the result to be worked out. There is so much for which to be thankful that we should not be looking for the fly in the ointment. The door is open in the Philippines, and we must enter with our civilization, thankful to an overruling Providence for the opportunity. Looking back at the dark days of financial depression through which the nation has so recently passed, and comparing them with the prosperity of the present, it must be a sordid heart indeed that finds to-day no cause for thankfulness.

THE FARMS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

The announcement that the fire insurance companies propose to restrict insurance on all farm property to \$1500, regardless of value, and that the Etna has instructed its agents not to write any more risks on this class of property, with the prospect that others will follow, indicates a determined policy to put the farmers of the state at a great disadvantage. It may be claimed that for the past year the losses, largely by lightning, exceed the receipts and that a company is not obliged to sell its insurance unless it so desires, but unfortunately for the logic of the argument these corporations are admitted to do business only upon conforming to certain laws, and these laws at any time exclude for good and sufficient reason.

If any insurance company presses its supposed rights to the point of refusing any class of risks it is for the state to determine whether that company does not vitiate its right to do business in Maine. The power which admits can also exclude and the first duty of the insurance department is surely to protect the interests of Maine, not those of a foreign company. If it has not full power, then to the legislature must the people go for protection. It is not a question of profit or loss for a day or year but of justice or injustice to a great industry.

Right here is where the representatives of that industry owe a duty to themselves. The sixty thousand farm homes in Maine are to-day threatened by foreign insurance companies and in the face of this threat no alternative is offered but self-protection, and this must come through unity of purpose and action. The state must throw its strong arm about the farms and protect them against this unjust discrimination and that this may be made certain those who would suffer by this arbitrary action must make their interests felt at the department and in the next legislature. Let the rallying cry be equal rights and privileges and no distinction against any class. The present insurance commissioner stands ready to use his influence to the utmost for the best interests of the state, but he should be made keenly alive of the risks it is for the state to step dictated solely by a selfish and short sighted self-interest. It is only a few years ago that, meeting for a time heavy losses on other classes of property and facing restrictive legislation, these companies made the threat of withdrawing from the state. Now let the state withdraw its protection and supervision unless the industries of the state can be jointly and justly admitted to participation in the protection which insurance makes possible. Against this discrimination which surely puts the farmer at increased disadvantage, and must inevitably burden the industry already heavily loaded, the power of the state should be directed and that this may be insured the farmers must promptly present the equities of the case to the public.

ANOTHER SAD BLUNDER.

"The Maine Pomological Society held its annual meeting at Newport, last Thursday and Friday. While the local attendance and the exhibition of fruit was most encouraging, the small attendance of the members of the society from various parts of the State was alarmingly meagre. The meeting was a profitable

one, we should say, if we may judge from the character of the papers presented. It is a pity that more could not have heard the helpful things uttered, and viewed the rich displays of fruit exhibited. We do not wish to take part in the discussion now going on as to where or when the meeting of this society should be held, but the fact is too apparent to be winked out of sight that the present arrangement is not the best expenditure of the money voted to the society by the legislature. One thousand dollars ought to help and encourage more fruit growers than it can possibly be such a meeting as that held last week."—*Turf, Farm and Home.*

The State Pomological Society has for years held annual exhibitions like the one at Newport, securing fair attendance and exhibits, but nothing to compare with what was seen at the late meeting. The membership of the society is about 50, scattered over the state, many being fully 50 years of age. Had the society, as the above cared to give the facts, he could easily have ascertained that never was the representation of the members so large as this year. What are the facts governing the appropriation for the *Turf, Farm and Home* makes a direct charge regarding this faulty expenditure. The state gives this society \$1,000 to expend in promoting pomology and horticulture.

During the past year, one pomological meeting has been held at Greenville, one at Manchester, one at Camden, the great meeting at Newport, and three more are planned, one similar to the Newport meeting, to be held in Western Maine. The premiums paid at Newport amounted to \$280, and the total expenses, including Mr. Powell's lecture, will be less than \$400. Will the writer of the above fling specify wherein "the present arrangement is not the best expenditure," in view of the facts herein stated? There has never been a day when the pomological interests of the state received so much attention from those set to the task of promoting pomology, as to-day. Professor Munson, Prof. Cook, Mr. Pope and the executive committee are united in their policy, and no state can boast more faithful or devoted officers. Why not cease this unrelenting every step taken to further our agricultural interests, and lead a hand of helplessness. It is easy to throw mud and raise criticism, but when the success of a valuable industry is in the balance, a little care may well be exercised before the tearing-down process is commenced.

THE PASSING OF A VETERAN.

The death of the veteran legislator Major Dickey, familiarly known as the "Duke of Fort Kent," removes one of the most picturesque figures in the history of our state. He was the last that bound the past to the present in Maine politics. During his 33 terms in the legislature, he saw many noted political leaders rise and disappear. He was the colleague of Blaine, Hamlin, Fessenden, the Morrills, and others of the old time statesmen. Blaine, when a reporter in the legislature, used to take the speeches of Major Dickey—and after the great statesman had risen to the height of his fame, had met defeat and finally yielded to the universal conqueror, the Aroostook veteran still held his place in the legislative halls.

He has labored unceasingly for the interests of Aroostook county, and to him it owes much of its present development. The Madawaska Training School at Fort Kent was his special pride, and the influence which have gone out from that school have done more than anything else to break down the race prejudices of the French Canadian people, and to make of them loyal citizens. He was known among them as "the good Major Dickey," and the name was well deserved. For years he was accorded an unanimous election, regardless of politics. He was equally popular among his colleagues at Augusta and his seat in the front row was always reserved for him in the drawing.

Major Dickey was born in Bristol June 26, 1810, and was therefore in his 90th year, although few would have suspected it who met him. A self-made man in the best sense of that word, the son of a shipmaster of sturdy stock, he worked hard for his education, walking 16 miles with his worldly gear, a pack upon his back to attend the normal school at Farmington. Teaching school, ringing the chapel bell, working in the hayfield, in such ways he paid his tuition and built up a staunch and resolute character. In 1842 he settled in Gardiner; but his health failed, and by the advice of his physician he went to Aroostook, where he has left an ineffaceable mark upon the history of the state. At the time he went to Fort Kent there was not a schoolhouse, not a bridge, with in 40 miles. Today it is one of the most prosperous towns in Maine, and owes its prosperity in a great degree to the man whose long and useful life has just come to an end. Few in this generation more richly deserve as an epitaph the boast of the Roman poet, "Elegi monumentum aere perennius."

FARMERS' INSTITUTES AND THE STATE DAIRY MEETING.

Farmers' institutes, as far as they have been held, have called out more than the usual interest. The topics discussed at these meetings include those which have usually been discussed in the past together with a more close attention to the growing and handling of live stock. There is an increasing inclination to extend the number of the beef herds in the State, and people are more anxious to learn the best methods of breeding, feeding and handling such animals. The importance of the producing animal, one that will have the capacity of turning its surplus food into the product desired to the best advantage has been continually emphasized, and there appears to be a growing demand for specially bred animals. Aroostook County, with its large area and abundant crops, is extending the number of its herds, particularly along beef producing lines, quite rapidly. Far more young cattle are found in the county than have been noticed in any previous year. There is quite an increase in the number of the flocks of sheep noticeable. Many of those who are handling them are selling lambs in the early part of the season for excellent prices. This fact, taken together with the higher

price of wool and the good prospect for continued advance, will tend to stimulate sheep production still more. Notwithstanding this increased interest in the production of beef animals and of sheep, it is found that the dairy interests of the State are attracting more than usual attention. Every lecture on the breeding and handling of dairy animals calls out many questions and the farmers in every section of the State are more than ever interested in the construction of creameries and in the extending of their dairy herds.

The subject of tillage has received more than usual attention at these institutes. Mr. Geo. T. Powell of Chert, N. Y. and Prof. Chas. W. Burckett of the New Hampshire Agricultural College have spoken at several meetings on the subject, in addition to the work that has been done by Prof. G. M. Gowell and other speakers from our own State. It is hoped that these efforts may lead the farmers of the State to give more attention to the physical condition of the soil, thereby enabling them to get better returns from the plant food which they apply in farm manures and commercial fertilizers. Far more institutes have been held this year than in any previous year, and still the demand for them appears to increase. For several weeks two series of meetings have been kept running, with good audiences; one corps of speakers doing the work by crossing from one series to the other.

The institute season will close the third week in January at the time of the annual meeting of the Board. Androscoggin, Cumberland and Hancock counties are still to be arranged, and there will probably be a few additional meetings held in other counties.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the State Dairy Meeting to be held in City Hall, Lewiston, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 11th, 12th and 13th. Reduced rates have been secured at the hotels, with headquarters of the board at the DeWitt House. There will be more than the usual exhibit of dairy appliances and several different makes of incubators will also be on exhibition. Slight changes have been made on the prizes on dairy and creamery butter. In addition to the *pro rata* prizes (one hundred dollars in each class), there will be four prizes for the exhibits scoring the highest number of points, \$10 to first, \$5.00 the second, \$3.00 to third and \$2.00 to fourth. The butter will be judged without distinguishing mark, and as both the dairy and creamery butter are to be in the pound tubs the judge will not be able to tell which he is scoring. Mr. C. C. Dodge, a New York expert of wide reputation, has been secured to judge the exhibits.

The special prizes offered by those who are engaged in the selling of dairy supplies and salt are particularly liberal, aggregating nearly two hundred dollars, and consisting of dinner set, Round Oak heating stove, Kinserson butter mold, gold plated lamp, Surprise barrel chutney, water set, four gold watches, one \$1 Safety Hand Sharps Separator, one "Ho-Tin" tester, a solid gold medal and \$50 in cash.

The address by Hon. H. C. Adams, Dairy and Food Commissioner of Wisconsin, on "The Necessity of Pure Food Legislation," attracted universal attention when it was given at the Farmers' National Congress in Boston. It is a matter of much importance, particularly to the dairy interests of our State. Mr. Van Dresser from New York, who speaks on "The Feed, Care and Development of the Dairy Cow" has acquired great reputation along these lines and is an earnest and energetic speaker. All will be glad to hear Mr. Valancey E. Fuller again. Prof. Woods, Director of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station discusses the "Potential Energy of Foods," a new subject which is attracting universal attention and one which Prof. Woods is eminently fitted to discuss. The special train over the back route from Waterville will enable parties in towns along that line to visit the meeting and return home on the same day if they desire to do so.

Augusta, Nov. 27, 1899.

ATTENTION, JERSEY BREEDERS.

Breeders of Cattle Cattle Jerseys are requested to meet at City Hall, Lewiston, at 9 o'clock, A. M., Dec. 13, 1899, for the election of officers and meeting Hon. Valancey E. Fuller.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, Sec'y.

The editor of the Farmer will be in attendance upon the annual sessions of the New York Breeders' Association comprising the breeders of Jersey, Shropshire, Merino, Hampshire Down and other breeds of cattle and sheep, at Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 6-7, and will represent the same for the Farmer. He is to speak upon "Principles which underlie judging cattle in the show ring," and "Applying the scale of points in judging."

Securing Subscriptions

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The Ladies' Home Journal

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The Saturday Evening Post

is not like securing subscriptions to any other publications.

If you have been unsuccessful with other publications, it was not necessarily your fault. It does not prove that you can not be very successful with better publications.

These two high-class publications of ours do not have to be "introduced," as a rule. They are well known through their great circulations and through an immense amount of advertising.

We want an agent in every town and city.

Liberal commission for every subscription, special rebates for large clubs and in addition to this, \$10.00 will be distributed among the 75 most successful agents.

Call your agent or your representative man, can be profitably utilized all winter.

Write for particulars.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

City News.

—On Thanksgiving day a union service will be held in the Congregational chapel in the evening, at 7.30. The sermon will be by Rev. Dr. Stackpole. All are invited.

—On every hand we hear complimentary words for Rev. Mr. McKinnon of Foxcroft who supplied the Congregational church Sunday. He is a young man of ability and quality.

—One of the ablest sermons preached in this city for years was that delivered by Rev. J. F. Rhodes, Fairfield, at the Universalist church, Sunday, his text being "In the beginning, God."

—The Cony High School Minstrels gave their first entertainment at Grange Hall, Centre Street, last Friday evening, to a large and appreciative audience. The club is composed entirely of undergraduates, and their performance was really remarkable for young amateurs.

—Who does not enjoy a first class minstrel show? No other form of entertainment can call out so large a representation of all classes and the citizens of Augusta have an opportunity to-morrow evening (Friday) at City Hall to hear Hi Henry minstrels, the largest and by far the best troupe on the road.

—A very pretty wedding took place Monday evening in the Unitarian church, when Miss Fannie Chase, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. V. B. Chase of this city, was united in marriage to Hon. Frank C. Deering of Saco, a member of the late legislature. Many out of town guests were present, among them Gov. Powers and several members of the Council. Mr. and Mrs. Deering will reside in Saco.

—The Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game would like to have as many as possible of those favorable to pickering fishing through the ice, in Kennebec county, meet them at their office in the State House, Tuesday, Dec. 5th, at 10.30 A. M., to discuss the matter as to rules and regulations to be adopted regulating the taking of pickerel through the ice in Kennebec county. Any who cannot come, and wish to be heard, are invited to write to the commissioners, at Augusta, Maine.

—Ralph P. Plaisted, son of the late ex-Gov. Harris M. Plaisted, has established himself in Bangor and opened an office for the practice of law. Mr. Plaisted is an Augusta boy, a graduate of Cony High School, and of Bowdoin College, class of '94. He studied law for three years, graduating from the Albany Law School, New York, in 1897, and was admitted to practice in this state the same year. The past two years Mr. Plaisted has spent in study and travel in Europe. His friends in this city extend their cordial wishes for his success.

County News.

—Rev. E. C. Whittemore, the pastor elect of the Baptist church in Waterville, removed to that place from Damariscotta last week.

—James Simpson of Gardiner, an engineer, committed suicide last Saturday by taking morphine. Two years ago he lost a son by drowning, and since then has not appeared to be quite himself. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

—The Richards Paper Co. of Gardiner have voted to sell their plant at South Waterbury to the International Paper Company of New York. It is their intention to at once place the mill in thorough running order and they will employ one hundred and fifty hands. The resuming of business at this large mill means considerable to Gardiner.

—In the probate court, Monday, the following wills were proved, approved and allowed: Of Thomas G. Jackson, late of Waterville, Jane H. Jackson of Waterville, and Isaac S. Leadbetter of Swampscott, Mass., appointed executors; Abby B. Johnson, late of Augusta, Treby Johnson of Augusta, appointed administrator with the will annexed; Jane E. Judd, late of Augusta, Lendall Titcomb of Augusta, appointed executor; Freeman Barker, late of Augusta, Lilla H. Staples of Augusta, appointed executrix. Administration was granted on the following estates: Of Albert Burleigh, late of Waterville, J. G. Darrah of Waterville, appointed administrator; Frank L. Given, late of Oakland, Florence A. Given of Oakland, appointed administratrix; Nettie Belle Stevens, late of Readfield, Charles H. Stevens of Readfield, appointed administrator; Jennie Stevens, late of Readfield, appointed administrator.

NORTH FAYETTE. Mrs. Winnie Bryant of Livermore Falls, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. True, on Sunday last.—Miss Marion T. Bishop, a student at Kent's Hill, was a guest in the family of Mr. S. C. West, Saturday and Sunday.—Miss Lillian Sampson of Kent's Hill, on Friday last, closed a very successful eleven weeks' term of high school in the Fellows neighborhood, N. C.—Mr. L. C. Blaisdell of Livermore Falls, was in town over Sunday.—Not for a long time, if indeed ever, have the people of this vicinity experienced such a lack of water in the springs and wells as at the present time. There is hardly a family who has water without hauling it from the ponds while there are instances where farmers are driving their stock nearly a mile to be watered. Unless we have many and heavy rains ere the ground freezes, there must necessarily be a great deal of trouble and inconvenience during the coming winter.—Starling grapes meet in regular season on Saturday next, Nov. 25th, at 10 A. M. This is one of the wideawake grapes of the county, comprising a good membership, and all willing workers which insure success in all undertakings.

The purchase of a controlling interest in the Waterville Creamery by Mr. R. F. Jaynes, Ryegate, Vt., one of the best butter makers of that state, and his removal to Kennebec county will surely lead to a decided increase in the output of the new factory and the making of a superior article of butter, as quality governs price.

For the land's sake—use Bowker's fertilizer.

"Strike For Your Altars and Your Fires."

Patriotism is always commendable, but in every breast there should be not only the desire to be a good citizen, but to be strong, able bodied and well fitted for the battle of life. To do this, pure blood is absolutely necessary, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one specific which cleanses the blood thoroughly. It acts equally well for both sexes and all ages.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures my humor, and is excellent as a nerve tonic." Josie Eaton, Stafford Springs, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile, the non-digesting and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

STATE DAIRY CONFERENCE,

MAINE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,

City Hall, Lewiston,

Dec. 11, 12, 13, 1899.

Liberal premiums on tub and fancy butter, cheese, dressed poultry and eggs. Good speakers from outside the State. Half fare over all railroads, reduced rates at hotels. Special train leaves Waterville over back road, Wednesday, Dec. 13, at 7.30 A. M., reaching Lewiston at 9.30, returning at 4 P. M. Exhibition will be at its best on that day. Valancey E. Fuller will speak in the afternoon. Send for premium list.

S. WALKER McKEN, Secretary, Augusta.

IT CURES COUGHS,

FROM

COLDS TO CONSUMPTION...

and all intermediate stages.

U. S. GOLD

COUGH CURE.

PREPARED BY

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE,

Chemist and Apothecary, opp. Post-Office,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

LARGE BOTTLES 25 CENTS.

WANTED.

A strong, healthy woman from 25 to 40 years of age, who is a good bread maker and who understands the art of making bread, permanent position offered in public institution. Pay \$100 per month. Write to Mr. J. H. "Home," Maine Farmer office.

You can make a "GOOD IMPRESSION" on anything you wish to mark by using our "U. S. GOLD COUGH CURE" STAMPS. Stencils, Pals, Seals, Check Pencils, Etc. Write for circulars. FLETCHER & CO., Augusta, Maine.

WANTED—100 ladies and gentlemen to join Correspondence club. Write for circular and paper, 6c; plan free. Home-Maker, Rev. J. H. "Home," Maine Farmer office.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be in one CENT a word, and will be given a choice position. No displayed advertisement, otherwise than in letter and usual stock price, will be inserted in this department. For particulars address CHAS. P. WOODBURY, Lincoln, Me.

PURE BRED Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Reds and Buff Cochins cocks for sale, at \$1.00 each. C. L. BARKER, East Waterville, Maine. Price \$1.00.

POR SALE—Fine barred, buff and white Plymouth Rock pullets and cockerels, at \$1.00 each. C. L. BARKER, East Waterville, Maine. Price \$1.00.

SHORTHORN CATTLE for sale. Six year grade heifers and one year bred but, for particulars address CHAS. P. WOODBURY, Lincoln, Me.

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WANTED—100 ladies and gentlemen to our Correspondence club. Dainty souvenir paper, etc., plan free. Home-Makers' Revue, 1345 Main St., Boston, Mass.

Classified Ads.

H. B. Horrocks, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be inserted under this general head at 10 CENTS a word, and will be given a choice of position. No unimportant advertising. Also that in initial letter and the usual stock list, will be inserted in this department. Send no money until you have received the goods. H. B. HORROCKS, 1345 Main St., Boston, Mass.

PURE BRED PLYMOUTH ROCK, Rhode Island Reds and Buff Cochins cockerels for sale. \$1.00 each. C. L. BARKER, East Gardiner, Maine.

FOR SALE—Fine barrel, built and white Plymouth Rock and Buff Cochins cockerels. One wanted to learn poultry business. W. STRATTON, Holliston, Mass.

SHOREBRED CHICKS for sale. Six fine game heifers and one pure bred bull calf. Particulars address CHAS. F. WOODBURY, Bangor, Me.

50 WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK Cockerels and pullets, also a few yearling calves for sale. V. H. METTY, South Brewer, Maine.

BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE: also young boars and sows, bred by KIRK LEO. All eligible to registry and fashionably bred. Young bulls bred by FANCY'S HARRY. Mr. FLEETMAN PARK, So. Vassalboro, Maine.

AGS—We will buy cotton seed meal bags, clean, gluten, middlings and flour sacks. All eligible to registry and fashionably bred. Young bulls bred by FANCY'S HARRY. Mr. FLEETMAN PARK, So. Vassalboro, Maine.

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State News.

Fred Good of Fort Fairfield, was killed, Wednesday, by being struck by a tree while yarding wood. He was 20 years old and unmarried.

Henry B. Graves of Lewiston, in a fit of insanity, assaulted his niece, Albeta Graves, with a plate, while they were at the breakfast table, on Saturday morning. Her condition is critical.

The Colburn wool mill in Skowhegan, one of the largest in the State, is soon to have its capacity increased 25 per cent. It now employs 200 hands, but is so rushed with orders that it cannot keep up with them, hence will add new machinery at once.

Rear Admiral Bradford, U. S. N., is at Ellsworth looking over a site for a government coaling station. The site most favored is at Lamont Point, eight miles from Ellsworth. The establishment of a station there would tend to make Bar Harbor the eastern terminus of the North Atlantic squadron's cruises.

Bowdoin Chapter, Zeta Psi Fraternity, has bought a lot of land on College street, Brunswick, opposite the college street, on which it will build, next spring, the largest and most elegant college fraternity building in Maine. It will be an old colonial mansion, to cost \$12,000 to \$15,000, and will be elaborately fitted up. A feature will be a dining hall for all undergraduate members of the fraternity.

George L. Welt, of Waldoboro, has closed a contract for the construction of a five-masted vessel for Wm. F. Palmer of Boston, to be commanded by Capt. Geo. Williams of Wellfleet. The vessel is to be the largest ever built in Waldoboro, being eight feet longer than the Gov. Ames built in 1888. Great satisfaction is being expressed in Waldoboro over the revival of this once important industry, in which that town was at one time considered among the foremost in the State.

On Sunday morning, when Section Foreman Frank Reynolds went over his section at Burnham, to inspect the road and see that all was right, he found a short distance from the station the body of a large buck deer, with his back broken, one quarter mangled and many scratches on the body. It was lying about 30 feet from the main line and showed very plainly that one of the night trains had hit the beast and killed him. He weighed almost 200 pounds.

PALENTA. Mrs. Mary H. Varney was severely injured by falling down stairs into the cellar while visiting at a neighbor's. No bones were broken and she probably is not permanently injured, but for a woman 80 years old, it was a narrow escape.—Everett Nelson and Miss Cora Gatchell of Clinton visited friends in town last week.—If the present high price of beef will be the cause of more oxen being kept, some good will have been accomplished.—The papers generally claim that fewer hens are kept this year than usual, but in this vicinity there are more than the average, some persons keeping a hundred.

Fred Stilson of Cambridge is the champion hunter thus far. Last Tuesday he started for a pair of water, but sighting a fine pair of deer feeding in the orchard, he returned for his rifle and in a few minutes had killed them both. The first deer fell in the tracks, while the second ran a few rods, but, missing her mate, stopped and turned to look for him, and Mr. Stilson fired a second shot that killed her. He says it is exciting to kill two deer in less than fifteen minutes, only a few rods from one's own door and he thinks it more profitable than spending a week miles from home and returning with only one deer or perhaps no game at all.

KEEN'S MILLS. Capt. W. W. Sampson, ex-postmaster of Malden, Mass., has arrived with his family to become resident of the town of Turner. When Mr. Sampson left for the Civil War he was a resident of Turner, and his father was drowned in the quick water below the saw mill at Keen's Mills many years ago. Mr. Sampson has erected a wind mill to force water into a tank in the house; saw wood and run a small mill for grinding feed.—C. W. Whitney has opened a blacksmith shop and is having lots of work.—C. F. Willard gave \$2 for a four-week-old pig May 1. Nov. 25 it was dressed, weighing 304 lbs. She ate in the week, \$7.20 worth of meal. O. D. Wing killed two nice pigs that weighed, dressed, 300 lbs. A. Hutchinson, one of 275 lbs.

PERSONAL.

—It is reported that Hon. John A. Roberts, Norway, will be unanimously elected member of the Board of Agriculture from Oxford county to succeed Mr. Talbot whose term expires this year. Mr. Roberts is a progressive dairyman, devoting his entire time to his farm and dairy herd and will prove a valuable member on the board.

—The selection of Mr. Asher C. Hinds, of Kennebec county boy, as clerk to the speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington is but a recognition of his eminent qualifications for the position. No more faithful, painstaking or devoted student has gone out of Kennebec county for years and we rejoice in his success.

IN MEMORIAM.

Died in Providence, R. I., November 18, 1899, E. Collier, formerly of Augusta, Me. Mr. Collier was born in St. Albans, Me., Oct. 29, 1835, and some years after obtaining his majority moved to Augusta, where he lived until about twenty years ago, when he moved to Providence, R. I., where he died at the time of his death, and where he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He was one of the best known harness men in that section of the country, if not in the East, and owing to failing health, he withdrew from active business early in the summer. Though a great sufferer the last months of his life, he was a patient and uncomplaining. A wife, a son and a daughter survive him.

The funeral service, held Sunday, Nov. 19, at his late residence, was conducted in accordance with the impressive Masonic ritual by St. John's Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, the fraternity of which the deceased was a member. The floral tributes sent by friends and relatives were very beautiful.

Money cannot buy better Teas

The 14th part of one cent isn't very much:—

Yet that is all the difference in price between a cup of ordinary tea and a cup of

CHASE & SANBORN'S PACKAGE TEA.

Just think! It takes one thousand four hundred cups of tea to make the difference of one dollar. It will take you almost four years, drinking one cup a day, to save a dollar.

Don't you think it is worth 1-14th part of a cent a cup to have your tea scientifically packed, under thorough hygienic conditions, in airtight, moisture-proof packages?

Yet all this costs you nothing. It's the quality of the tea for which you pay 1-14th of a cent a cup more than tea that is ever sold for 50c a lb. If you doubt it, buy a single pound of Chase & Sanborn's Package Tea. It will make over 200 cups.

The Robt-mor—an English Breakfast. The Orlow—an Oolong. The Orange Pekoe—a Ceylon-India.

General News.

A new thread mill employing about 1,000 hands will be built in Fall River at a cost of \$2,000,000, by the thread trust. This trust now controls the Kerr thread property in that city, and with the new mill will have the largest thread plant in the world.

Alaska is aspiring to be a state. Gov. Brady of Alaska, in his annual report, pleads for statehood, government establishment and operation of cable and telephone lines and persistent branding of fur seals and cessation of killing them for at least ten years.

One of the most interesting features of the Paris Exposition will be a model American postoffice which will be up to

A Christmas Present

WORTH HAVING.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR YOUR FAMILY DOCTOR OR THE MINISTER.

DIETZ DRIVING LAMP?

IT is the only perfect one.

It throws out the light straight ahead, from the foot of the lamp, and it is not a clear white light.

It will not burn kerosene.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Send us \$2.00, and we will deliver one for you, anywhere, anytime or postpaid, if you will enclose this out and send it with remittance.

R. E. DIETZ COMPANY,

86 Light St., New York.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

SUMMER.—F. L. Moore has bought the stock in trade of B. Y. Russell, and will continue the business at the old stand on the corner of Gothic St. and Western Avenue, South Paris. Charlie Ryerson will clerk for him.—James Heald recently lost a nice cow with milk fever.—Lincoln and Henry Davenport have been moving Miss Sophia G. Bibebe's goods to the stand which she has rented at So. Paris. Miss Bibebe and her nieces, the Misses Alice and Fanny Bibebe, left the old place the 15th.—Miss Alice Davenport came home the 11th, and after a vacation of two or three weeks will return to Milton to teach the winter term.—Correction: The amount of money presented to Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chaud at their wedding anniversary was \$17.25, instead of \$50, as recently stated.—Chas. E. Handy has moved to Auburn where he will continue his printing business.—Mr. Frank Merrow of Auburn, took a drove of 71 lambs from town last week, and 100 week before last.—Miss Lena Sewall closed the fall term on Frost Hill, Norway, and came home the 15th.

EAST CORINTH.—At about 1 A. M. on Monday, the 20th, the cry of "Fire!" rang out through our quiet village and upon investigation it was discovered that East Corinth Academy was in flames. The village being destitute of fire apparatus, the crowd of citizens was obliged to stand idly by and watch the popular institution of education burn to the ground. The building was erected in 1844 and has been in successful operation continuously for 55 years. It was built, owned and conducted by a board of trustees comprised of 12 members, assisted by the town of Corinth. Early Monday morning the board was called together at the law office of Hon. Ira W. Davis and made application for the use of the town hall for the fall and winter terms, which will undoubtedly be granted. The board then adjourned, to meet on the evening of the 30th, to decide what action the trustees will take upon rebuilding and equipping the Academy. The building was insured for \$800.—Miss Ivy, eldest daughter of Hon. I. W. Davis, was married on Sept. 23rd to S. L. Snider, and removed to the home of her husband in Westfield, N. Y., and while upon the journey, by the burning of a car at Buffalo, met with quite a serious loss, a box containing a large number of valuable wedding presents.

BRUNSWICK. Gen. Chamberlain is a candidate for the collectorship of the port of Portland, and receives the unanimous support of the citizens of Brunswick without regard to party.—Arthur Shepherd, aged 24 years, was drowned at Orr's Island, Thursday, by being knocked overboard from the sloop Alfred, by the swinging boom.—Topham grange visited Lisbon grange by invitation, Friday evening, and were highly pleased by their royal entertainment.—Elder Sanford, of the Durham Shiloh Tabernacle, arrived home from England last week. He brought with him 12 young men to be instructed for preachers to disseminate his doctrine. Shiloh was adorned with flags in honor of his reception.—The store of Geo. E. Hackett was broken open last week and robbed of \$40 in money and a lot of cigars.—The valuable papers stolen from the safe of the Brunswick Manufacturing Company two weeks since, were found this week in a culvert on the Maine Central Railroad.—A Brunswick depositor with Woodbury & Moulton, Portland, drew out \$15,000 a few days before their failure.—David Burt, while walking on the electric railroad track, near the park, was struck by a car and rendered insensible. He was brought to the village and will probably recover.—The stable of Capt. Walter Pinkham of Harpswell was destroyed by fire, Monday night. His cow, 50 hens and hay were burned.—The 20 cottages destroyed by fire at Merriencove, two weeks since, will be rebuilt next spring. The Merriencove House and land surrounding at Harpswell have been purchased by New York parties.—An old map of Brunswick, bearing date 1745, was found a few days since.—Our new railroad depot was completed and occupied last week. The old depot, express office and baggage house were torn down and the ground graded up.

Women Need Skillful Advice.

Dr. Greene, discoverer of that most wonderful of all cures for women's complaints, Dr. Greene's Nervura, is the most successful specialist in curing female complaints. The physician to whom thousands of women write in regard to their diseases, and who gives consultation and advice absolutely free of charge. Many thousands of women have regained their health and strength and become happy wives and mothers through the timely advice and counsel of this skillful woman's physician. If you are a sufferer from any of the weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, do not fail to write to Dr. Greene about your case at once, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., and by following his advice, based upon his long experience and remarkable success, you can be absolutely sure of being cured. Write at once. It will cost you nothing to get his advice.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WINTER MEETING.

The winter meeting of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture and Granite State Dairyman's Association will be held at Peterborough, N. H., on Dec. 5 and 6. The following programme will be carried out:

Tuesday, December 5.

Forenoon session—10 o'clock. Invocation, Rev. G. W. Patten, Peterborough; address of welcome, Ezra M. Smith, Esq., Peterborough; response, H. O. Hadley, Temple, member Board of Agriculture and President of the Day; address, "Horticulture and Its Possibilities for New Hampshire Farmers," Prof. F. W. Ranney, Durham, Professor of Horticulture; address, "Farmers and Taxation," Willard Bill, Jr., Westmoreland, Member Board of Agriculture.

Afternoon session—2 o'clock. Address, "Economic Dairy Foods," Prof. Joseph L. Hills, Burlington, Vt., Director Experiment Station; address, "The Agricultural Outlook," Hon. Joseph B. Walker, Concord, President Board of Agriculture.

Evening session—7:30 o'clock. Address, "Farm Sanitation," Dr. Irving A. Watson, Concord, Secretary State Board of Health; address, "Pure Food Legislation," Hon. H. C. Adams, Wisconsin, Pure Food Commissioner.

Wednesday, December 6.

Forenoon session—10 o'clock. Annual address, Pres. C. H. Waterhouse, Durham, President Dairyman's Association and President of the Day; address, "The Guernsey Cow for the Dairy," Prof. William H. Caldwell, Peterborough, Secretary American Guernsey Cattle Club.

Afternoon session—2 o'clock. Address, "Principles of Stock Breeding," Prof. C. W. Burkett, Durham, Professor of Agriculture; report of dairy expert, O. Bent, Boston, Mass.

Evening session—7:30 o'clock. Address, "The Economic Dairy Type," Prof. T. L. Haecker, Minnesota, Professor of Dairy Husbandry, University of Minnesota.

The Story of an African Farm.

By OLIVE ROSEMER.

For three weeks the German's dream, "Good evening," had met with a steady, but the child of Bonaparte lifting itself higher daily, and his shadow had not darkened the cabin doorway since he came to borrow the two pounds. The German walked to the head of the bed and took down a blue bag that hung there. Blue bags were a specialty of the German. He kept above 50 stowed away in different corners of his room, some filled with curious stones, some with seeds that had been in his possession 15 years, some with rusty nails, buckles and bits of old harness, in all a wonderful assortment, but highly prized.

"We have something here not so had," said the German, smiling kindly, as he held his hand into the bag and took out a handful of almonds and raisins. "I buy these for my chickens. They increase in size, but they still think the old man must have something nice for them. And the old man—well, a big boy may have a sweet tooth sometimes, may he not? Ha, ha!" said the German, chucking at his own joke, as he heaped the plate with almonds. "Here is a stone, two stones, to crack them, no late patent improvement—well, Adam's nutcracker. Ha, ha! But I think we shall do. We will have them cracked. We will consume a few without fashionable improvements."

Here the German sat down on one side of the table, Bonaparte on the other, each one with a couple of flat stones before him and the plate between them.

"Do not be afraid," said the German. "Do not be afraid. I do not forget the boy at the fire. I crack for him. The bag is full. Why, this is strange," he said suddenly, cracking open a large nut, "three kernels! I have not observed that before. This must be retained. This is valuable." He wrapped the nut in paper and put it carefully in his waistcoat pocket. "Valuable, very valuable," he said, shaking his head.

"What joy it is to be once more in your society!"

The German's eye glistened, and Bonaparte seized his hand and squeezed it warmly. They then proceeded to crack and eat. After awhile Bonaparte said, stuffing a handful of raisins into his mouth.

"I was so deeply grieved, my dear friend, that you and Tant Sannie had some slight unpleasantness this evening."

"Oh, no," said the German. "It is all right now. A few sheep missing, but I make it good myself. I give my 12 sheep and work in the other eight."

"It is rather hard that you should have to make good the lost sheep," said Bonaparte. "It is no fault of yours."

"The case," said the German, "this is the case: Last evening I count the sheep at the kraal. Twenty are missing. I ask the herd. He tells me they are with the other flock; he tells me distinctly. How can that be? This afternoon I count the other flock. The sheep are not there. I come back here. The herd is gone; the sheep are gone. But I cannot—no, I will not—believe he stole them," said the German, growing suddenly excited. "Some one else, but not he. I know that. I knew him three years. He is a good boy. I have seen him return, affected on account of his soul. And she would send the police after him! I say I would rather make the loss good myself. I will not have it. He has fed in fear. I know his heart. It was," said the German, with a little gentle hesitation, "under my words that he first felt the need of a Saviour."

Bonaparte came some more almonds, then said, yawning, and more as though he asked for the sake of having something to converse about than from any interest he felt in the subject.

"And what has become of the herd's wife?"

"The German was silent again in a moment."

"Yes; his wife. She has a child 6 days old, and Tant Sannie would turn her out into the fields this night. That," said the German, rising, "that is what I call cruelty, diabolical cruelty. My soul abhors that deed. The man that could do such a thing I could run him through with a knife," said the German, his gray eyes flashing and his bushy black beard adding to the murderous fury of his aspect. Then, suddenly subsiding, he said: "But all is now well. Tant Sannie gives her word that the maid shall remain for some days. I go to Oom Muller's tomorrow to learn if the sheep may not be there. If they are not, then I return. They are gone; that is all. I make it good."

"Tant Sannie is a singular woman," said Bonaparte, taking the tobacco bag the German passed to him.

"Singular! Yes," said the German; "but her heart is on her right side. I have lived long years with her, and I may say I have never seen a more virtuous disposition, an individual who—"

"Virtuous!" said the German. "I have confidence in her. The thing is that in her which is that which is noble. The rich and high that walk this earth with lofty eyelids might exchange with her."

The German here got up to bring a coal for Bonaparte's pipe, and they sat together talking for awhile. At length Bonaparte knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"It is time that I took my departure, dear friend," he said, "but before I do so shall we not close this evening of sweet communion and brotherly intercourse by a few words of prayer?"

Oh, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the dew upon the mountains of Hermon, for there

the Lord bestowed a blessing, even life for evermore."

"Stay and drink some coffee," said the German.

"No, thank you, my friend. I have business that must be done tonight," said Bonaparte. "Your dear son appears to have gone to sleep. He is going to take the wagon to the mill tomorrow. What a little man he is!"

"A fine boy."

But, though the boy nodded before the fire, he was not asleep, and they all knelt down to pray.

When they rose from their knees, Bonaparte extended his hand to Waldo and patted him on the head.

"Good night, my lad," he said. "As you go to the mill tomorrow we shall not see you for some days. Good night, Goorty. The Lord bless and guide you, and may he bring you back to us in safety to find us all as you have left us." He laid some emphasis on the last words. "And you, my dear friend," he added, turning with a redoubled warmth to the German, "long shall I look back to this evening as a time of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, as an hour of blessed intercourse with a brother in Jesus. May such often return! The Lord bless you," he added, with yet deeper fervor, "richly, richly!"

Then he opened the door and vanished into the darkness.

"If," he laughed Bonaparte as he stumbled over the stones. "If there isn't the rarest lot of fools on this farm that ever God Almighty struck legs to! He, he, he! When the worms come out, then the blackbirds feed. Ha, ha, ha!" Then he drew himself up. Even when alone he liked to pose with a certain dignity. It was second nature to him.

He looked in at the kitchen door. The Hottentot maid who acted as interpreter between Tant Sannie and himself was gone, and Tant Sannie herself was in bed.

"Never mind, Bon, my boy," he said as he walked down to his own room. "Tomorrow will do. He, he, he!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HE CATCHES THE OLD HIND.

At 4 o'clock the next afternoon the German rode across the plain, returning from his search for the lost sheep. He rode slowly, for he had been in the saddle since sunrise and was somewhat weary, and the heat of the afternoon made his horse sleepy as it picked its way slowly along the sandy road.

Every now and then a great red spider would start out of the "karroo" on one side of the path and run across to the other, but nothing else broke the still monotony. Presently, behind one of the highest of the milk bushes that dotted the landscape, the German caught sight of a Kaffir woman, seated there evidently for some shadow as the milk bush might afford from the sloping rays of the sun. The German turned the horse's head out of the road. It was not his way to pass a living creature without a word of greeting. Coming nearer, he found it was no other than the wife of the absentminded Kaffir. She had a baby tied on her back by a dirty strip of red blanket. Another strip of red blanket was twisted round her waist, for the rest of her black body was naked. She was a sullen, ill-looking woman, with lips hideously protruding.

The German questioned her as to how she came there. She muttered in broken Dutch that she had been turned away. Had she done evil? She shook her head sadly. Had she had food given her? She grunted a negative and fanned the flies from her baby. Telling the woman to remain where she was, he turned his horse's head to the road and rode off at a furious pace.

"What a brute!" cried the German. "Is this the way? Is this charity? Yes, yes, yes!" ejaculated the old man as he rode on, but presently his anger began to evaporate, his horse's pace slackened, and by the time he had reached his own door he was nodding and smiling.

Dismounting quickly, he went to the great chest where his provisions were kept. Here he got out a little meat, a few mealies, a few rooster cakes. These he tied up in three blue handkerchiefs, and, putting them into a sailcloth bag, he strung them over his shoulders. Then he looked circumpectly out at the door. It was very dark, but he did not care. He was giving him red up to the roots of his old grizzled hair. No one was about, however, so he rode off again. Before the milk bush sat the Kaffir woman still, like Hagar, he thought, thrust out by her mistress in the wilderness to die. Telling her to loosen the handkerchief from her head, he patted her on the cheek and said: "The woman tied it up in sullen silence."

"You must try to get to the next farm," said the German.

The woman shook her head. She would sleep in the field.

The German reflected. Kaffir women were accustomed to sleep in the open air, but on a cold night like this, and after so long a day the night might be chilly. That she would creep back to the huts at the homestead when the darkness favored the German's sagacity did not make evident to him. He took off the old brown sail and pepper coat and held it out to her. The woman received it in silence and laid it across her knee. "With that you will sleep warmly, not so bad. Ha, ha, ha!" said the German. And he rode home, nodding his head in a manner that would have made any other man dizzy.

"I wish he would not come back tonight," said Em, her face wet with tears.

"It will be just the same if he comes back tomorrow," said Lyndall.

The two girls sat on the step of the cabin waiting for the German's return. Lyndall shaded her eyes with her hand from the sunset light.

"Here he comes," she said, "whistling 'Ach Jerusalem du schone' so loud I can hear him here."

"Perhaps he has found the sheep."

"Found them," said Lyndall. "He would whistle just so if he knew he had to die tonight."

"You look at the sunset, eh, chickens?" the German said as he came up the short canon. "Ah, yes, that is beautiful!" he added as he dismounted, pausing for a moment with his hand on the saddle to look at the evening sky, where the sun shot up long flaming streaks, between which and the eye thin yellow clouds floated. "El, you weep?" said the German as the girls ran up to him.

Before he had time to reply the voice of Tant Sannie was heard.

"You child of the child of the child

of a Kaffir's dog, come here!"

The German looked up. He thought the Dutchwoman came out to cool herself in the yard, called to some misbehaving servant. The old man looked round to see who it might be.

"Xon old vagabond of a praying German, are you deaf?"

Tant Sannie stood before the steps of the kitchen. Upon them sat the lean Hottentot. Upon the highest stood Bonaparte Blinks, both hands folded under the tails of his coat and his eyes fixed on the sunset sky.

The German dropped the saddle on the ground.

"Flish, bish, bish! What may this be?" he said and walked toward the house. "Very strange!"

The girls followed him, Em still weeping, Lyndall with her face rather white and her eyes wide open.

"And I have the heart of a devil, did you say? You could run me through with a knife, could you?" cried the Dutchwoman. "I could not drive the Kaffir maid away because I was afraid of you, was I? Oh, you miserable rag!"

"I loved you, did I? I would have liked to marry you, would I, would I, would I?" cried the Boer woman. "You cat's tail, you dog's paw! Be near my horse tomorrow morning when the sun rises," she gasped, "my Kaffirs will drag you through the sand. They would do it gladly, any of them, for a bit of tobacco, for all your prairies worth as much as I!"

"I am bewildered, I am bewildered," said the German, standing before her and raising his hand to his forehead. "I do not understand."

"Ask him, ask him!" cried Tant Sannie, pointing to Bonaparte. "He knows. You thought he could not make me understand, but he did, he told you all I know enough English for that. You be here," shouted the Dutchwoman, "when the morning star rises, and I will let my Kaffirs take you out and drag you till there is not one bone left in your old body that is not broken as fine as bobolite meat, you old beggar! All your rags are not worth that they should be thrown out to the ash heap," cried the Boer woman. "But I will have them for my sheep! Not one rotten hoof of your old mare do you take with you. I will have her—all, all for my sheep that you have lost, you godless thing!"

The Boer woman wiped the moisture from her mouth with the palm of her hand.

The German turned to Bonaparte, who still stood on the step absorbed in the beauty of the sunset.

"Do not address me, do not approach me, lost man," said Bonaparte, not moving his eye nor lowering his chin. "There is a crime from which all nature revolts; there is a crime whose name is loathsome to the human ear. That crime is yours; that crime is ingratitude. This woman has been your benefactor. On her farm you have lived, after her sheep you have looked, into her house you have been allowed to enter and hold Divine service, an honor of which you were never worthy, and how have you rewarded her? Basely, basely, basely!"

"But it is all false, lies and falsehoods. I must, I will speak," said the German, suddenly looking round, bewildered. "Do I dream? Are you mad? What may it be?"

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The German questioned her as to how she came there. She muttered in broken Dutch that she had been turned away. Had she done evil? She shook her head sadly. Had she had food given her? She grunted a negative and fanned the flies from her baby. Telling the woman to remain where she was, he turned his horse's head to the road and rode off at a furious pace.

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